THE ART-MUSIC READERS

BOOK TWO

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The Art-Music Readers

Book Two

BY
FREDERIC H. RIPLEY
AND
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AND
ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER

PREFACE

The second in the series of Art-Music Readers deals with well-established facts of music history but adds those gems of literature and painting which have become associated with the romance of the art.

Song and story have ever traveled hand in hand. Charming pictures heighten the interest of a subject by firing the reader's imagination. The presence of the printed music in this book affords still another means of bringing the art itself before the student.

For schoolroom purposes the character of the *reading* material is most important. The aim of the Art-Music Readers is, first of all, to make the text good literature,—pure, simple, direct, dignified and inspiring. It is pure because it contains the best forms of English expression; simple, because it uses familiar words in the most familiar way; direct, because it treats each subject without complications; dignified, because it never descends to silly diction under the delusion that such expressions amuse and attract the young; inspiring, because it directs the thought to lofty themes and creates a desire for the best in art.

The books will be read by art students of all ages with equal interest and profit. Hence, while the title, Second Reader, implies a continuous historic sequence, the material is so complete within itself that the books may be used in any order, and the interest created will be equally strong in all grades.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. Lully, the Kitchen Boy 9
In the Yellow Moonlight (Music)—*Lully* 14
The Ghent Altarpiece 16
Hubert Van Eyck 18

II. Stradivarius 18
Selection (Tales of a Wayside Inn)—*Longfellow* 25
Giorgione's "The Concert" 26
Giorgione 27

III. The Great Sebastian 28
What God Appoints (Music)—*Bach* 28

IV. A Brave Little Music-Lover 38
See, the Conquering Hero Comes (Music)—*Handel* 44

V. Handel in England 46
Music and Poetry 50
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day—*Dryden* 50

VI. The Merry Choir Boy 52

VII. Papa Haydn 58

VIII. The Emperor's Song 63
The Emperor's Song (Music)—*Haydn* 64
The Jester 67
Frans Hals 68

IX. Who Treads the Path of Duty (Music)—*Mozart* 70
The Little Magician 73

X. Mozart's Visitor 82

XI. The Deaf Musician 87
To a Violin—*Thaxter* 94
Joy, Thou Star (Music)—*Beethoven* 96

XII. The Story of the Pianoforte.
1. The Clavichord and the Virginal 98
The Farewell—*Burns* 101
Ter Borch's "The Concert" 102
Gerard Ter Borch 103

XIII. The Story of the Pianoforte (Continued).
2. The Harpsichord and the Piano 105

XIV. A Nobleman's Son....107
Evening Prayer (Music)—*Weber*....113
The Bells of Shandon—*Mahony*....114

XV. A Neglected Genius....115
Hark, Hark, the Lark—*Shakespeare*....120
Hark, Hark, the Lark (Music)—*Schubert*....122
Vermeer's "The Music Lesson"....126
Vermeer of Delft....128

XVI. The Writing of the Marseillaise....128
The Marseillaise (Music)—*Rouget de Lisle*....133

XVII. The Marseillaise and the French Revolution....138
Marie Antoinette and Her Children....144
Madame Le Brun....145

XVIII. The Happy Musician....148
Fairy Songs—*Shakespeare*....152

XIX. The Father of Music....155

XX. Felix and Fanny....156
O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast (Music)—*Mendelssohn*....162

XXI. The Star Spangled Banner....164
The Flag Goes by—*Bennett*....166
The Star Spangled Banner (Music)—*Smith*....168

XXII. Between Law and Music....171

XXIII. Robert and Clara Schumann....176
Guardian Angels (Music)—*Schumann*....182
"Music, When Soft Voices Die"....183

XXIV. A Patriot-Musician....184
The Maiden's Wish (Music)—*Chopin*....190

XXV. Die Wacht Am Rhein....193
The Watch on the Rhine (Music)—*Wilhelm*....194

XXVI. The Prince of Pianists....197
Thou Art Like a Flower (Music)—*Liszt*....202
My Fiddle—*Riley*....205

XXVII. The Music of the Future....206
Flag of the Free (Music)—*Wagner*....213

Pronouncing Vocabulary....216

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Picture	Artist	Page
The Young Lully	de la Charlerie	11
Singing and Playing Angels	H. Van Eyck	17
Stradivarius	Hamman	23
The Concert	Giorgione	26
Bach		29
Morning Prayer in the Family of Bach	Rosenthal	33
Frederic the Great and Bach		35
The Child Handel	M. Dicksee	41
Handel		43
Handel and George I of England	Hamman	49
The Music Lesson	Wunsch	54
Haydn		57
Haydn Crossing the English Channel	Hamman	66
The Jester	Hals	67
Frans Hals and His Wife	Hals	69
Mozart and His Sister	Schneider	74
Mozart and His Sister Before Marie Theresa	Borckman	77
Mozart		79
Mozart at Vienna	Hamman	81
Beethoven at Mozart's Home		83
Beethoven's Birthplace		86
Beethoven and the Rusmnowsky Quartet	Borckman	88
Beethoven at Bonn	Leyendecker	91
Beethoven		93
Beethoven in his Study	Schloesser	95
The Concert	Ter Borch	102
Portrait of Himself	Ter Borch	104
Weber		110
Schubert		117
Schubert and His Friends	Rohling	121
The Music Lesson	Vermeer	127
Rouget de Lisle Singing the Marseillaise	Pils	131
Marie Antoinette and Her Children	Le Brun	143
Madame Le Brun and Her Daughter	Le Brun	147
Mendelssohn		157
Song Without Words	Poetzelberger	161
Schumann		173
The Harpsichord Lesson	Muenier	175
Clara Schumann		178
Music When Soft Voices Die	Orchardson	183
Chopin		185
Chopin at Prince Radziwill's	Siemiradski	189
Liszt		199
A Morning With Liszt	Kriehuber	201
Wagner		209
Wagner at Home	Beckman	212

INDEX OF SONGS

Composer	Title	Page
Bach	What God Appoints	36
Beethoven	Joy, Thou Star	96
Chopin	The Maiden's Wish	190
Handel	See, The Conquering Hero Comes	44
Haydn	The Emperor's Song	64
Liszt	Thou Art Like a Flower	202
Lully	In the Yellow Moonlight	14
Mendelssohn	O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast	162
Mozart	Who Treads the Path of Duty	70
Rouget de Lisle	The Marseillaise	133
Schubert	Hark, Hark, The Lark	122
Schumann	Guardian Angels	182
Smith	The Star Spangled Banner	168
Wagner	Flag of the Free	213
Weber	Evening Prayer	113
Wilhelm	The Watch on the Rhine	194

The Art-Music Readers

BOOK II

LULLY, THE KITCHEN BOY

(1633-1687)

More than two hundred and fifty years ago a French nobleman, named the Duke of Guise, was about to visit Italy. He asked a princess with whom he was talking what he should bring her for a present on his return.

"Oh, bring me a little Italian boy to enliven my house with music," she cried.

The Duke of Guise did not forget the Princess's wish. When he was in Florence he noticed a bright, mischievous-looking boy of thirteen playing upon a guitar and singing merrily in the street.

"The very boy for the Princess!" said the Duke to himself.

He questioned the child and learned that his name was Jean Baptiste Lully. An old Franciscan monk had taught little Jean to play upon the guitar, for Jean's father, who was a poor miller, could not afford to pay for his son's education.

The Duke talked with the boy's parents.

"Let me take your son to Paris," he said. "I will place him in the household of a royal princess. He shall be

educated and given a start in the world. He may become a famous man some day. Who knows?"

The little boy was eager to go and his parents gave their consent. And so Jean traveled with the Duke of Guise to the great, gay city of Paris.

For a short time the Princess was much amused by her Italian boy. She made him a page in her palace, for he was graceful and charming and quick to learn. But he was also a bold, wild little fellow, and full of mischief.

One day his mistress heard him singing a disrespectful song about her. She was very angry. The child was far from home and she couldn't send him back to his parents, but she said that hereafter he should be only a common servant. He had to take off his fine page's costume and become a cook's boy.

Jean was such a lively little fellow that this change in his fortunes did not trouble him much. When he was a poor boy in Italy, he had been free to play pranks and roam about as he liked. Perhaps he did not enjoy being a polite, proper little page in pretty clothes.

At any rate, he quickly made friends down in the kitchen, where he amused all the servants with his jokes and tricks. The one thing that he liked better than mischief was music. He had a keen ear and a sweet, flexible voice. He brought his guitar to the kitchen with him, and he also learned to play the violin. Sometimes,

H. de la Charlerie

THE BOYHOOD OF LULLY

besides singing and playing the popular airs, he composed songs himself.

We can imagine the little lad in his white apron, fiddling away in a corner of the great, vaulted kitchen, amid steaming pots and pans and food of all descriptions. The other servants were willing to do his share of the work so that he would have time to play for them. They liked to dance to his music. Little did they think that some day all the fine folk of Paris, even the King himself, would be dancing to it!

It happened that a gentleman who was visiting the Princess overheard the kitchen boy's music.

"That child is a wonder!" he cried. "He would make a splendid player in your private band."

So Jean was taken out of the kitchen and became a violinist in the great lady's orchestra. Now he had a chance to study and practice. He made friends as readily as ever. Soon he managed to get lessons in composition and in organ-playing from the best teachers.

When he was about eighteen years old he played before the King, who was much pleased. The King insisted upon having Lully for his own orchestra, and the Princess had to give up her young violinist, much against her will. Lully became a great favorite with the King. He was appointed director of music at the court and director of the Paris opera.

Now honors were showered thick and fast upon the young musician. Whenever a great event occurred at court, Lully must write the music for it. One of his duties was writing music for comedies to be performed at court. Sometimes he left his orchestra for a while and was a dancer and actor in these performances. He played his parts so well that the famous actors of Paris were all jealous of him.

After a time he wrote operas also, and they were wonderfully successful. He has been called the founder of French opera.

We remember Lully chiefly because of his operas. But I think that among the greatest days of his life must have been the one in his youth when he first saw the King of France dancing to music that he had written. Lully had an orchestra of his own, made up of carefully chosen young players. As he conducted his orchestra and watched the great King taking part in the dance, he must have smiled to think of the old days in the Princess's kitchen, when a little Italian cook-boy had fiddled merrily for the dancing servants.

Au Clair De La Lune

JEAN BAPTISTE LULLY, 1633–1687

Andante
Au clair de la lu - - ne,
"In the yel - low moon - light,
Mon a - mi Pier - rot,
My good friend Pier - rot,
Prè - te - moi ta
Lend your pen a
plu - - me,
mo - ment,
Pour é - crire un mot;
For I need it so.

Ma chan - delle est mor - - - - te,
And my can - dle's dy - - - ing,
Je n'ai plus de feu; Ou - vre - moi ta
And I've no more fire; Let your door be
por - - - te, Pour l'a - mour de Dieu.
o - pen,— 'Tis my heart's de - sire."

SINGING AND PLAYING ANGELS

These quaint-looking angels were painted almost five hundred years ago by a Flemish artist named Hubert van Eyck. You see that one group is singing very earnestly while the angels of the other group are playing upon antique instruments—a strange old organ, a viol and a harp. These angelic musicians wear gorgeous red and black garments, rich with gold embroidery and jewels. Behind them is the blue sky.

The two panels upon which the angels are painted form a small part of the altar-piece in a chapel at Ghent, Flanders. The altar-piece is eleven feet high, and fourteen feet from end to end. It was designed by Hubert van Eyck, but he did not live to complete it, and so his younger brother, Jan van Eyck, painted the unfinished portion.

No such marvelous work had ever before been seen in Flanders. Usually it was shown only to great nobles or to very wealthy people, but on holidays the public was allowed to gaze upon it. Then such crowds filled the chapel from morning till night that it was difficult to get near the picture. A writer of those times says: "Painters, old and young, and all lovers of art flocked around it, just as on a summer day bees and flies swarm around a basket of figs or grapes."

THE SINGING ANGELS *Hubert Van Eyck*

HUBERT VAN EYCK

(1366-1426)

We know very little about this fine old painter. He was born in what is now Belgium, and probably traveled in foreign lands before he settled at Ghent. There he led a quiet, uneventful life. His greatest interest was his art.

After his death his brother Jan finished the Ghent altar-piece. Jan became so famous that Hubert was entirely forgotten, and for many years the altar-piece, which Hubert had designed and painted, was thought to be Jan's work.

STRADIVARIUS

(1644-1737)

Cremona is a town in northern Italy. In the little central square stands the Church of St. Dominic, and just opposite the church is the house of Nicolas Amati. Three hundred years ago the men of the Amati family began to make violins. Their instruments were soon famous throughout the length and breadth of Italy. The greatest of all the Amatis was Nicolas.

One afternoon when the hot sun was beating mercilessly upon the stone pavement of the square, two young men sat together on a bench in Nicolas Amati's workshop. They were pupils of Nicolas. Day after day and hour after hour they had worked under his direction, finishing

the violins that their great master had begun. They fitted in the various parts with exquisite skill and made every surface and edge smooth and perfect. No matter how small and uninteresting the task might be, they performed it with the greatest care.

These pupils were named Andrew Guarnerius and Antonio Stradivarius.

There were other workmen in the shop as well. All were busy and all were silent. At last Nicolas Amati stepped over to the bench where Antonio and Andrew were seated. They looked up in surprise.

The master said: "You boys have become so experienced in violin making that you need no longer spend your time in finishing violins. From now on I will let you make the whole instrument."

The young assistants were delighted. They had been waiting long for the happy day when they should be allowed to copy their master's violins. Now they felt that their patient, steady labor was rewarded. They listened reverently while Amati explained his methods to them.

"As you know," he said, "I have experimented with different shapes and sizes. In this way I have discovered certain models which seem to be the best. These you shall copy."

After that happy day the two young men were no longer mere pupils. They had become violin makers.

It is true that they did not try to create new models. They copied Amati's violins exactly. They made one beautiful instrument after another, always imitating their master.

Once, when Andrew had finished a violin and was testing it, he cried: "Never, since the world began, Antonio, have there been such noble violins as these that our master makes! Listen to this one. How marvelously sweet and clear it is in tone!"

"These are the finest that have yet been produced," Antonio agreed. "But finer ones may be made in the future."

"Impossible!" laughed Andrew.

Antonio looked gravely at his friend. "I wish that we could make a violin as sweet-sounding as our master's, but more powerful," he said. Then he bent again over his work.

When the famous Amati died, Stradivarius set up a shop of his own opposite the west front of the great church. Almost next door to him was the workroom of the family of Andrew Guarnerius. Andrew's sons and nephew became renowned violin makers. In that little square of Cremona all the finest violins in the world were made. And the very best of the Cremona violins were the work of Stradivarius.

Cremona was a rich, busy little city. It was well situated for the manufacture of violins. Far away, on the

western slopes of the Alps, there were fine forests of maple and willow. Here the right sort of wood could be procured. The wood had to travel a long distance, over hot Italian roads, and on boats down the sunny river to Cremona. In midsummer the town itself was almost as hot as an oven. But this intense heat was good to dry the wood for the violins. When Stradivarius toiled in his workshop, he must have felt that everything around him was helping him to make perfect instruments.

The workshop of Stradivarius was an open loft at the top of his house. Pieces of violins lay on the tables and benches, ready to be put together. Finished violins hung upon nails projecting from the rough beams.

Here Stradivarius worked for more than fifty years. From his windows he could see only the radiant sky and the old church towers. He heard the church bells at morning and evening, but the other noises of the city sounded far away.

We have seen that he had never been quite satisfied with his master's beautiful models. Could he not make an instrument more nearly perfect than even the violins of Nicolas Amati? He tested different kinds of woods, to see which kind gave the best results. He experimented with various shapes. For twenty years he studied and pondered. At last success came. He discovered a better model than any that had yet been made. It was

so fine that even today, more than two hundred years later, we cannot improve upon it.

Stradivarius lived to be over ninety years old and he worked to the very last. He was a tall, thin man. Constant toil and deep thought made his face look worn and tired. He seemed to care for nothing except the making of violins. He was never seen without his work-apron of white leather. One day was exactly like every other day to him.

For each violin Stradivarius received four gold pieces in payment. He lived so plainly that, after he had made his family comfortable, he had no way of spending his money. His gold piled up until he was considered the richest man in Cremona. For a hundred years after his death the townspeople said, when any person seemed to be exceedingly wealthy: "Why, he is as rich as Stradivarius!"

Nowadays a Stradivarius violin costs thousands of dollars. The "Strads," as they are called, are the best violins that have ever been made. Age has not spoiled them; it has only improved their tone.

Sometimes clever imitations have been made to be sold as genuine "Strads." But when these imitations are opened and examined closely, the deception is always discovered. The pretended "Strads" may look very well on the outside, but inside there never fail to be traces of careless workmanship. A little roughness or irregularity

E. J. C. Hamman

STRADIVARIUS IN HIS WORKSHOP

shows that this violin did not come from the hands of patient, accurate old Antonio.

George Eliot has written a fine poem about Stradivarius. In this poem the old violin maker explains why he was content to work constantly in his little shop, without trying to win fame and glory.

"When any master holds
'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,
He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
Made violins, and made them of the best.
The masters only know whose work is good;
They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill
I give them instruments to play upon,
God choosing me to help Him."

When you are older you will enjoy reading the whole poem.

One of the famous violinists of after times was Ole Bull, a Norwegian. He owned a Stradivarius which was dated 1687. It was inlaid with ebony and ivory, and was said to have been made for a king of Spain. In "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow, there is a description of Ole Bull and his wonderful violin.

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name,—
"Antonius Stradivarius."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE CONCERT

A young monk is seated at a harpsichord, with his fingers resting on the keys. His fur-trimmed sleeves fall back, showing his strong yet delicate hands. As he strikes a chord he turns his head toward a priest behind him who is holding a viol. Evidently the priest is going

THE CONCERT *Giorgione*

to play a duet with the monk. The third person in the picture is a young man wearing a yellow and black doublet and a hat with a white plume.

Giorgione, the Italian artist who painted this picture, seemed to love everything that was joyous and beautiful. Most of his pictures are full of warmth and glow, and one writer says that he has "a certain flame-like quality of color." But in "The Concert" the light is subdued. The monk and his friends seem to be in an old, shadowy Italian palace. There is very little color, for the monk is dressed in black, and the priest wears a white robe and a black cape. Yet there is something charming in the soft light, the sober tints, the quiet people. We feel that these men are real lovers of music, and that in a few moments the strains from their instruments will float through the old palace in exquisite harmony.

GIORGIONE

(1477-1510)

Although Giorgione was one of the world's most famous painters, we know little of his life. He was born at the picturesque old city of Castelfranco in Italy, and studied art at Venice. In those days Venice was a very gay, brilliant, pleasure-loving city. Giorgione soon became popular there. He decorated the outer walls of a great building on the Grand Canal; but alas, sun and rain have destroyed this wonderful work. Only a few faint red patches on the wall show where the painting used to be.

When Giorgione was at the height of his fame, a terrible plague broke out in Venice. Two thousand people died,

and among them was the young artist from Castelfranco. He passed away in his thirty-fourth year, "to the unspeakable grief of his friends," says an old Italian writer, "and to the no little injury of art."

THE GREAT SEBASTIAN

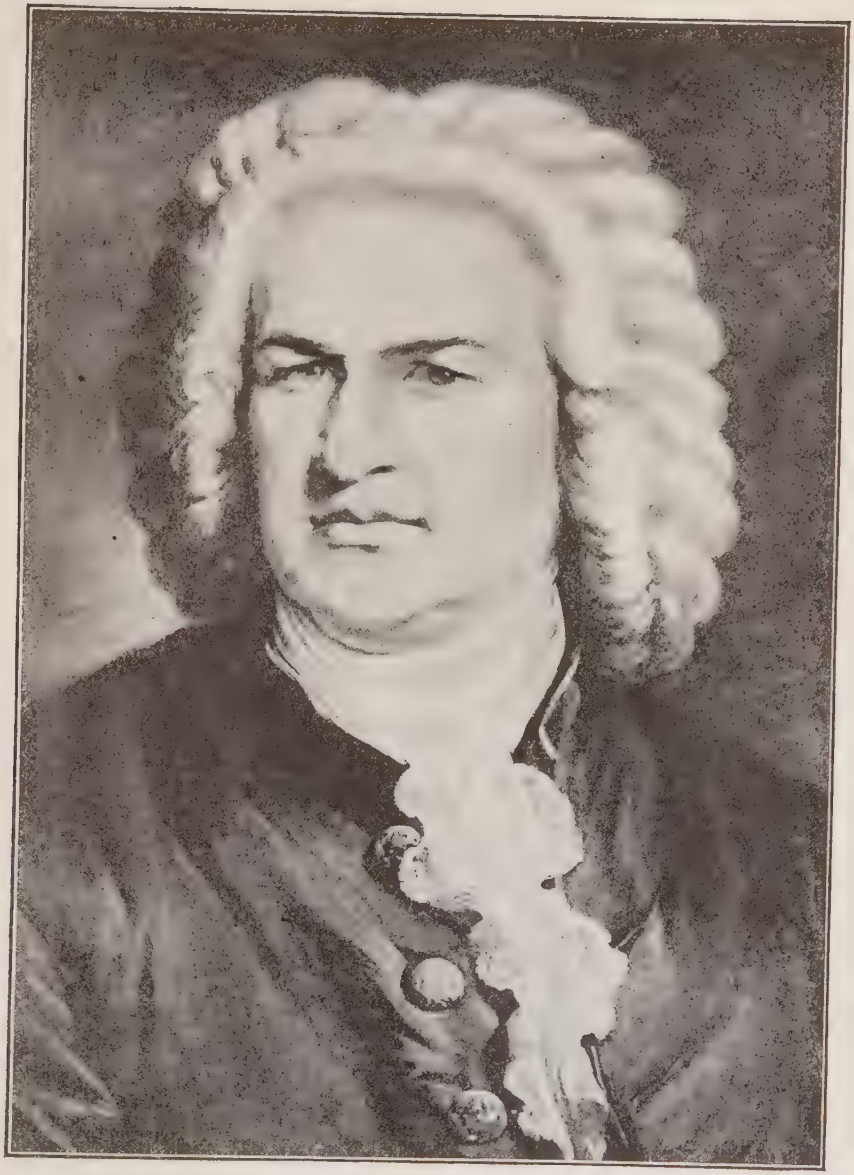
The year before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth a man named Veit Bach died in Germany. He was a miller and a baker. He loved music so well that he used to play the zither while the corn was grinding in his mill.

"The zither and the clattering mill wheels must have sounded merrily together," said Sebastian Bach, a great-great-grandson of the jolly miller.

Nearly all the descendants of Veit Bach were musicians. For two hundred years the family was famous in music. In that part of Germany all the best music positions were held by the Bachs. Once a year they used to meet in a family gathering to play music and to learn what they could from one another.

One of the great-grandsons of Veit Bach was the town-musician of Eisenach. Eisenach is a little German town where a castle called the Wartburg stands. Perhaps you remember that in the Wartburg, hundreds of years before, the Minnesingers had held a famous song contest.

Here at Eisenach was born John Sebastian Bach, the son of the town-musician. Sebastian grew up to be the



JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
(1685-1750)

greatest musician of all this musical family. He took lessons in violin-playing from his father. When he was nine years old his father and mother died. Then the little orphan went to live with a grown-up brother in another town.

This older brother was an organist. He sent Sebastian to school and gave him lessons in clavichord-playing. The clavichord was an instrument somewhat like the modern piano. It was very small, with tiny spindle legs and odd little drawers for holding music. We should think it a queer sort of instrument nowadays.

Sebastian learned music quickly and was eager to study more. The older brother was a stern, harsh, gloomy man. He became jealous of the boy's talent. He refused to let Sebastian buy any music or do any practicing except upon the lessons that were given him.

Little Sebastian often looked longingly at a certain cupboard in his brother's house. It contained a book of organ music which had been written by the best masters of the time. His brother had forbidden him to touch the book.

Part of the cupboard door was of open lattice-work. One moonlight night Sebastian stole into the room, climbed up to the cupboard, and succeeded in squeezing the book through the lattice.

The boy was not allowed to have any candles, and at first he didn't know how he could copy the music. Then he noticed the moon shining brightly through his little

window. So on every moonlight night he took the book from the cupboard and worked hard at his window, copying the music note by note. Before morning he had to slip the book back into its case.

For six months he toiled to make a complete copy. He was not old enough to realize that he was straining his eyes in this poor light. When he grew up, his eyes gave him a great deal of trouble, and in his old age he became totally blind. But in his boyhood he never thought of this danger. He rubbed his tired eyes when they ached, and worked harder than ever to finish his copy of the beloved book.

Just after the copy was finished, his brother found it. The unkind man was more jealous than ever. He [illegible] angry, too, because of the boy's disobedience. [illegible] the copy away and hid it. Sebastian's [illegible] patient, loving labor were wasted.

When Sebastian was about fifteen [illegible] died. Now he was left without hon[illegible] a fine voice and soon obtai[illegible] nearby town. Here he [illegible] to receive lessons [illegible] and also ma[illegible] and the [illegible]

O[illegible]

an inn. The kitchen window was open and the hungry boy knew from the odor that a good dinner was being cooked.

While he was wishing that he could get something to eat, a servant threw two fish heads out of the window. Bach promptly picked them up. To his astonishment and delight, he found a piece of money in each one!

All his life Bach worked and studied as hard as he had worked in his boyhood. He became a good violinist and a great organist and harpsichordist. But most important of all, he became one of the greatest composers that the world has ever known. He wrote music for every instrument then in use. His church music was particularly beautiful.

Bach had some troubles as he grew older, was very happy. He had a large family n were musical. His wife was a good erested in his work, and he composed pieces for her.

as painted a pretty picture ng their morning hymn. one of his sons in her sweet younger

Toby E. Rosenthal

MORNING PRAYER IN THE FAMILY OF BACH

One of Bach's sons was almost as famous a musician as his father. This son was named Emanuel. He became a musician in the service of Frederic the Great.

Frederic was a lover of music, and he was eager to have a visit from the renowned Sebastian Bach. But Sebastian was by this time an old man. He was very busy and did not care to make the long journey. At last, however, he decided to visit his son at Frederic's court.

The King had an orchestra which gave concerts every evening. Frederic often played on the flute at these concerts. One evening when the orchestra was ready and the King had just put his flute to his lips, a servant brought him a list of the strangers who had arrived that day.

Still holding the flute, the King glanced through the list. Then he turned to the musicians in great excitement.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "old Bach has come!"

Frederic laid down his flute and the concert was given up. Bach was at his son's house. He was asked to come immediately to the palace. There was no time to put on his black court dress, and he had to appear before the King in his dusty traveling clothes.

The King led the grand old musician from room to room and begged him to try the fine pianos. Everyone was astonished by Bach's performance.

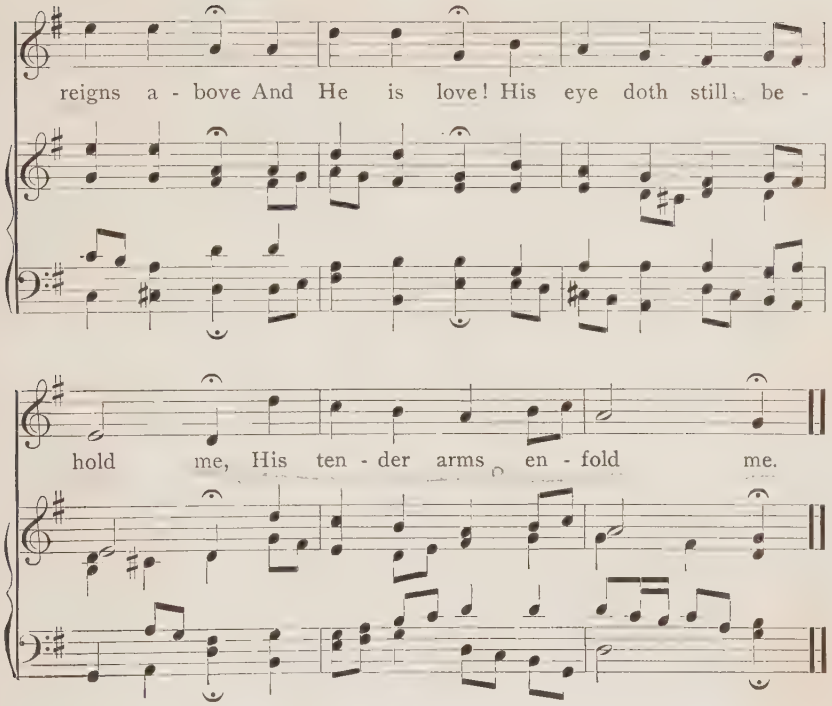
"I am not easily surprised," said Frederic the Great, "but I must confess that this wonderful music amazes even me. Ah, there is only one Bach!"

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND BACH

What God Appoints is Surely Right

Choral by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685–1750

What God ap - points is sure - ly right; His
will I would not al - - ter, If o'er rough ways in
dark - est night He leads, I will not fal - - ter, He


reigns a - bove And He is love! His eye doth still be -
hold me, His ten - der arms en - fold me.

A BRAVE LITTLE MUSIC-LOVER

A few weeks before the birth of Sebastian Bach, a boy named George Frederic Handel was born at Halle, in Germany. Halle is a town not far distant from Bach's birthplace. You remember that Bach's relatives were all musical and that his father was the town-musician. Little Handel's family, on the other hand, were not in the least musical. His father, who was a doctor, really hated music.

From the time that George was a baby he loved sweet sounds. When he was only five years old, he and some larger boys organized an orchestra of their own. They played upon drums, Jew's harps, small flutes and horns. I fear that they sometimes made more noise than music. But they were very happy until old Dr. Handel, George's father, discovered them.

"What nonsense is this?" he cried. "My son is to be a lawyer, a *gentleman,* not a poor, idle musician."

The doctor took the toy instruments away from his son. He would not allow any music to be played in his house, and he forbade George to visit at any house where music might be heard. He was so greatly worried by the boy's love of music that he even took him out of school.

"Children are taught the scale in school," said Dr. Handel, "and my boy would soon grow too much interested in that sort of foolishness."

But young George had a passionate love for music.

Nothing that his father did could keep him from thinking about it.

A friend of the Handel family admired the talented boy and was sorry for him. One morning when the doctor was away from home, this kind friend secretly placed a clavichord in Handel's attic. The strings of the little instrument were muffled with strips of cloth. It made only a very faint sound, just loud enough for the player to hear. No one in the rooms below noticed the soft tinkle.

The boy was delighted with his treasure. Night after night he slipped out of bed and went up to the gloomy attic. There he taught himself to play. He had no help of any kind, but he learned the notes and had a chance to use his fingers in practice.

As time went on, people began to say that the Handel house was haunted. Late at night servants caught glimpses of a little white figure flitting over the stairs. Passers-by thought that they sometimes saw a ghost at the window, or a glimmering light up in the attic. The women of the family grew nervous.

The story came to the ears of the old doctor. He would not believe it at first. But the servants persisted in saying that they had seen a white figure on the stairs leading to the attic. They had been too badly frightened to look at it closely.

The doctor took a lantern and went up to the attic to

find the ghost. His wife and the rest of the household followed him. Their curiosity almost overcame their fear. When they opened the door, what was their amazement to find no ghost,—nothing but poor little George Frederic sitting at his clavichord in his nightgown and nightcap, with his bare feet swinging some distance from the floor.

You might think that after this Dr. Handel would have seen how foolish it was to try to keep his son from being a musician. But still the doctor was determined that bright little George should be a lawyer.

One day Dr. Handel was starting on a visit to an older son who was in the service of a great Duke. George was then about seven years old. He begged to be allowed to go with his father, for he felt sure that at the Duke's castle he would have a chance to hear some music. But his father refused to take him.

In those days all long journeys were made by coach. Dr. Handel's coach had jogged on comfortably for about a mile when he heard a shout behind him. He looked around. There was George running after the coach as fast as his little legs would carry him.

The father scolded the boy and ordered him to go home. George would not obey. He cried and said he was sorry that he had been naughty, but still he followed the carriage. Finally his father picked him up, and, after making him promise to behave well, took him to the Duke's castle.

M. Dicksee, R. A.

THE CHILD HANDEL

The Duke was a generous friend to musicians. His castle contained a chapel with a fine organ. The singers in the chapel choir soon discovered that little Handel was a very musical child. One day when he was in the choir gallery, they let him try the organ.

The boy climbed timidly up on the big organ bench, but as soon as his fingers touched the keys he forgot where he was. He did not know that the Duke was listening in the chapel below. He never once thought of his father's anger.

The Duke was amazed by the boy's playing. He praised the little organist and filled his pockets with gold pieces Then he told the astonished father that it was a grave mistake to make the child a lawyer against his will.

Dr. Handel was secretly much disappointed. He still wished to have his son a lawyer, but he could not oppose the great Duke. Very unwillingly he agreed that George should take music lessons from the organist of the cathedral at Halle.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

—*Milton.*

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL
(1685–1759)

See, the Conquering Hero Comes

GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL, 1685–1759

Songs . . . of tri - umph to . . . . him sing.
See, the . . con - qu'ring he - - - - ro comes,
f
Sound . . . the trum - pets, beat the drums.

V.

HANDEL IN ENGLAND

Little Handel was joyful indeed when he returned to Halle from the Duke's castle. He was almost bewildered by his unexpected good fortune. Now began a very happy period of his life. He studied hard, for besides working on his beloved music he had to go to school like any other boy. His father never gave up the hope that George would finally become a lawyer.

Later the young man even entered the University and began the study of law. But meanwhile he was receiving excellent musical training.

When he was twenty-one years old he visited Italy. He remained in that country for three years and became well known as a musician. On his return from Italy he entered the service of George, the Elector of Hanover.

Hanover was a small German state. The Elector's little court probably seemed dull and tiresome to Handel, so he got leave of absence to visit England. The English received the great composer with high honors. His operas were very popular, and Queen Anne gave him a pension.

Naturally the Elector of Hanover was offended when his chief musician deserted him to enter the service of another sovereign. The situation soon became awkward for Handel, for Queen Anne died and the Elector of Hanover succeeded to the throne of England as George I.

King George was determined not to forgive his runaway musician. But it seemed as if Handel were in the very air of England. The King heard people singing Handel's music in the streets. The band in the palace yard played Handel's music. Handel's operas were given at the opera house. His name appeared everywhere, in music books, programs, and newspapers.

One day the King went down the river in his state barge. A boat followed him, and on it was a band of musicians. They were playing some new and delightful music.

Handel was the only man in England who could have written that beautiful music, and the King knew it. The unusual concert pleased him. He asked for the composer. Handel gladly came to the state barge and received the King's forgiveness.

The people of London rejoiced when they heard that Handel and the King were friends once more. Many boats filled with sight-seers came down the stream to meet the royal barge. The houses on both sides of the river were brilliantly lighted. Cannons fired salutes until after nightfall.

After this, Handel lived in England and became an English citizen. He spent much of his time trying to introduce good opera into England. Jealous singers and rival musicians gave him a great deal of trouble. He was

a stern, strong-willed, courageous man, and easily angered. And yet he always made warm friends, who helped and encouraged him.

It is sad to think that in his old age Handel, like Bach, became blind. But instead of growing cross and bitter and impatient, he grew gentle and quiet. He was more than ever anxious to help poor and suffering people. Often at night he drove home after one of his performances in a coach almost filled with bags of gold and silver. But the next morning he usually gave those bags to the Society for Poor Musicians or to the Foundling Hospital or some other charity.

Although Bach and Handel lived at the same time they never met. Their lives were very different. Handel was brilliantly successful. He traveled in many lands and was the friend of many distinguished people. Bach lived quietly in Germany and was not much known outside of his own country. Probably even Handel knew little about him.

Bach, however, had heard of the famous Handel. He realized that Handel was the only musician of those times who was his equal. When Handel was visiting his boyhood home, Bach journeyed to Halle in the hope of making his acquaintance. Unluckily Handel happened to leave Halle just before Bach arrived.

It is impossible to say which of the two wonderful musicians was the greater. When we compare the stories

HANDEL AND GEORGE I OF ENGLAND

E. J. C. Hamman

of their lives, we see that both were patient and industrious, both were men of strong character, and both loved music ardently. In spite of disappointment, poverty, and suffering, they were always faithful to their art.

MUSIC AND POETRY

"A Song for St. Cecilia's Day" was written by a great English poet named John Dryden, in honor of Cecilia, the patron saint of music. According to the legend, St. Cecilia invented the organ.

You will notice how skillfully the music of various instruments is suggested in this poem by the sound of the words and by the rhythm of the verses. The loud, startling call of the trumpet, the hurrying beat of the drum, the sighing of flutes, and the rippling notes of the lute, the piercing sweetness of violins, and the broad, noble tones of the organ are all represented in turn. As the hymn is written in honor of St. Cecilia, especial praise is given to her favorite instrument, the organ.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,

Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious* of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

—*John Dryden.*

VI.

THE MERRY CHOIR-BOY

Herr Frankh, a German teacher and musician, was walking through a little Hungarian village one evening. He spoke to a six-year-old boy who was running past him.

"Can you tell me," asked Herr Frankh, "which is the house of the coachmaker Haydn?"

"I will take you there," said the little boy, "The coachmaker is my father."

"Well, well! And what is your name, my child?"

"Franz Joseph Haydn, but they call me Sepperl for short."

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*"Sequacious" means "following."

"Your father is my cousin," said Herr Frankh. "I have come from my home in Hainburg to pay him a visit."

By this time they had reached the coachmaker's house. It was a long, low building, only one story high. It had a thatched roof, plastered walls, and tiny windows. A part of the building was occupied by the coachmaker's shop, and the great arched doorway was large enough to admit a horse and carriage.

Indoors the house was beautifully clean and neat. Sepperl's mother was poor and had many children to care for, but she was a wise and careful housekeeper.

The Haydns welcomed Herr Frankh pleasantly. After supper the family gathered in the kitchen to make music, as they did every evening. The village schoolmaster came with his violin. Sepperl's father sang and accompanied himself upon the harp. The mother sat busily knitting, and sometimes she joined in the song. Little Sepperl sang too, in a clear, childish soprano. He imitated the schoolmaster's fiddling by rubbing two sticks together, and he ground away in perfect time just like a real violinist.

Frankh was interested in the bright little boy. He saw that the child had musical talent and a good voice. So he offered to take him to Hainburg and to teach him properly.

The mother was unwilling to let Sepperl leave her loving care.

THE MUSIC LESSON

Wunsch

"He is too young," she protested. "He ought to have some one to keep him clean and tidy. And if he goes away I'm afraid that he may wear one of those horrid wigs!" For at that time the fashionable people wore powdered wigs, such as you see in pictures of George Washington.

But Sepperl's father was anxious to have the boy well educated. He knew that Frankh was the choir director of Hainburg, and he felt sure that his talented son would be given a fine opportunity to learn music. So when Frankh's visit was ended he took little Sepperl to Hainburg with him.

The six-year-old boy never lived at home again. When he was a grown man and a great musician, he visited the old house, but his parents were dead. He knelt and kissed the threshold over which their feet had so often passed.

In Hainburg Sepperl sang in the choir and had lessons in violin-playing, as well as in Latin and other studies. Herr Frankh was a well-meaning man, but he had old-fashioned ideas about teaching. Whenever Sepperl made the slightest mistake he was given a sound whipping and was sent to bed without his dinner. In after years Haydn said that he received "more beating than bread." But when he grew up, he was grateful to his cousin for having kept him so busy at his lessons.

One day a man named Reutter happened to be dining

with Herr Frankh. Reutter was the music director of St. Stephen's Church in Vienna. He complained to Herr Frankh that it was very hard to find good voices for his boy-choir.

"I have a boy here in my house who has a wonderful voice," declared Herr Frankh. "You shall hear him and judge for yourself."

Little Sepperl was now eight or nine years old. He was called from the kitchen where he was having dinner with the cook. Reutter was delighted with the child's singing. He tested him in sight-reading and in the use of his voice.

"Very good! Excellent!" said Herr Reutter. "Now, then, can you trill?"

"No, sir," replied Sepperl. "My cousin didn't teach me to trill because he can't do it himself. But I can try."

He learned to trill so quickly that Reutter was more pleased than ever. He decided to take the boy to Vienna. Sepperl's parents gave their consent, and once again the little fellow set out for a new home.

For ten years Joseph sang in the choir of the stately, magnificent old church of St. Stephen. He was given lessons in music, and besides this he had the usual school studies. His great trouble was that Reutter never would give him lessons in composition. The old director wished to have the boy spend all his spare time in choir practice.

Whenever Joseph's parents sent him a little money from

JOSEPH HAYDN
(1732-1809)

home for new clothes, the boy saved it to buy books on the theory of music. In those days he often wore untidy clothes and a dirty wig, just as his mother had feared he would do. But he was always a merry, industrious little fellow. He studied hard and learned much from the works of Emmanuel Bach, who was the son of the great Sebastian.

Joseph was fond of frolic and sometimes got into trouble. When his voice changed, Reutter had no more use for him in the choir. Just about that time Joseph played another prank. He cut off the pigtail of a wig which was worn by one of the choir-singers. This piece of mischief gave Reutter an excuse for turning the boy out of the choir without a day's warning.

VII

PAPA HAYDN

It was a stormy winter night when young Haydn found himself homeless in the streets of Vienna. He had been dismissed from St. Stephen's choir without so much as a penny in his pockets. His only possessions were his books and three shirts, which were tied up in a little bundle. That night he slept on a bench out of doors. He put his bundle under his head for a pillow.

The next day he went to a friend of his, who was a wigmaker and barber. This wigmaker was a kindly man.

He gave Haydn the use of his garret. The snow blew in through the cracks of the roof; sometimes the garret was so cold that the water in the pitcher was frozen. But the young musician was glad of any shelter.

A little worm-eaten harpsichord stood in the garret. Here Haydn worked and studied. He took his meals with the wigmaker's family. He gave the daughters music lessons, and sometimes he helped to dress and powder the wigs.

After a while things began to improve. Haydn got a few pupils. He played the violin in one church and the organ in another. Best of all, he made friends who were able to help him.

On moonlight nights Haydn and two young friends of his used to stroll through the streets of Vienna and serenade famous musicians. One night they stopped under the window of Herr Curtz, the leader of the opera. Haydn began to play one of his own compositions on the violin.

Down rushed Herr Curtz in a great state of excitement.

"You are just the man I need to write music for my new libretto!" he cried.

He fairly pulled Haydn upstairs. The young musician was much surprised to find himself hurried into a big, candle-lit room and pushed down upon a piano stool. Then Herr Curtz got his breath and began to explain.

"The music must represent a great tempest at sea," he said.

"But I have never seen a storm at sea," cried Joseph Haydn.

"Neither have I," said the director, "but we must manage it somehow."

They had a dreadful time. Haydn sat banging away and Herr Curtz stood behind him, angry and excited. At last Haydn was in despair. He opened his arms wide, lifted them, brought both hands down suddenly at the ends of the keyboard, and drew them quickly together until they met, striking all the notes on the way. Curtz threw his arms around the young musician.

"Fine! Grand!" he shouted. "That's exactly what I wanted. That's the tempest!"

Haydn was well paid for this work. It seemed to be the beginning of his good fortune. After that he never was hungry or poor again. He became the director of music to Prince Esterhazy. For thirty years he was a friend and companion of the Prince.

His life at the Esterhazy country estate was quiet and contented. He could work there without interruption. Sometimes he visited Vienna, but he was happiest in the country, hunting and fishing and taking long walks in the mountains. He conducted the Prince's orchestra and wrote music for it. In summer the musicians gave open-air concerts. Sometimes they enjoyed friendly musical evenings with the Prince's family.

All this time Haydn's fame was growing in France and

Spain and England, as well as in Germany. He had become acquainted with Mozart, another great musician. This lovable young man gave the older master the title of "Papa Haydn."

Soon after Prince Esterhazy's death Haydn was invited to come to England. He was then nearly sixty, and his friends feared that he was too old for such a long journey. Mozart, young though he was, had already traveled in many countries and knew several foreign languages. He too begged Haydn not to go.

"You have no preparation for the wide world, Papa," he said, "and you speak too few languages."

Papa Haydn smiled. "Oh, my language is understood all over the world," he replied. He meant that *music* was his language.

On the night before his departure for England, he and Mozart dined together for the last time. When they said good-by, Mozart's eyes filled with tears.

"I feel that we shall never meet again," he said.

The prophecy came true. But it was young Mozart and not old Papa Haydn who died before a year was past.

Haydn was eager to see the ocean for the first time. When he crossed the English Channel he stayed on deck during the whole voyage. There was a great storm. Perhaps Haydn remembered the night in his youth when he had tried to represent a storm at sea on the piano for Herr Curtz. He confessed afterward that the real storm

made him feel just a little frightened and uncomfortable.

Haydn visited England twice. He was received with tremendous enthusiasm and his concerts were much applauded. His old age was spent quietly in Vienna. He was born a few days after the birth of George Washington and he lived for ten years after Washington's death.

The last time that Papa Haydn appeared in public was at a performance of some of his finest music. When he entered the concert room there was a blast of trumpets and the audience cheered wildly. The terrific applause tired and excited the old master, and he had to be taken home before the concert was over.

Seated in his chair he was carried from the concert room. Friends crowded around him to say good-by. Beethoven, who was one of his pupils, bent down and kissed the master's hands. When Haydn reached the door, he raised his hands and bade farewell to music, which he had loved so well and had served so faithfully.

We are the music-makers,
  And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
  And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
  On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
  Of the world for ever, it seems.

—*O'Shaughnessy.*

VIII

THE EMPEROR'S SONG

One of Papa Haydn's latest compositions was his song to the Austrian Emperor, which afterwards became the Austrian national hymn. It is a simple, beautiful song, and is the only well-known national hymn that was written by a truly great composer.

Some years after Haydn wrote this hymn the French and the Austrians were at war, and the French captured Vienna. The old composer was at first much alarmed. The noise of the bombardment sounded like thunder around his peaceful little house. However, he succeeded in calming his terrified servants.

"Do not be frightened," he said; "Haydn is with you!"

As it turned out, he had nothing to fear from the invading army. The French admired him greatly and the French officers thought it an honor to visit him.

When Papa Haydn was dying he called his servants to his bedside and asked them to carry him to the piano. There, while they all stood around with bowed heads, the aged composer slowly and solemnly played the Emperor's Song.

Austrian National Hymn

German of
LAURENZ LEOP. HASCHKA, tr.

JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732–1809

brate. Love shall twine him lau - rel gar - lands, They be -
REFRAIN
come his re - gal state. God pre - serve our no - ble
Em - p'ror, Franz, our Em - p'ror good and great.

E. J. C. Hamman

HAYDN CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

THE JESTER

This roguish-looking guitar player was painted by Frans Hals, a Dutch artist. Hals distinguished himself as a

Frans Hals

THE JESTER

portrait painter. Nearly all the people in his pictures seem to be brimming over with fun. He painted officers, churchmen, learned men and artists, old women and girls, jesters (like this guitar player), and gypsies; but whether his subjects were rich or poor, young or old, they all found it impossible to sit opposite "jolly Frans" without catching his good spirits. Some of them laugh outright; some merely smile, and others seem to be just on the point of smiling.

Hals painted people exactly as he saw them in the streets and in the country, just as they looked in ordinary daylight, without bright spots or deep shadows.

He understood human nature well. With a few vigorous, skillful strokes he could show a man's character and personality. All his work is strong and joyous.

FRANS HALS

(1584-1666)

Hals was born at Antwerp, Belgium, but his family was Dutch, and he settled in Haarlem while he was still a young man and became a citizen of Holland.

He was twice married. A pleasant portrait of Hals and his second wife, Lysbeth, shows them sitting in a park; they are both laughing and jolly. Lysbeth is not a pretty woman, but she looks very good-natured and we feel sure that her marriage with Frans was a happy one. They brought up a large family of children.

FRANS HALS AND HIS SECOND WIFE — *Hals.*

Frans was inclined to be idle and pleasure-loving, but his great talents made him respected by his townsmen. In his old age, when he was very poor, the city of Haarlem granted him a pension.

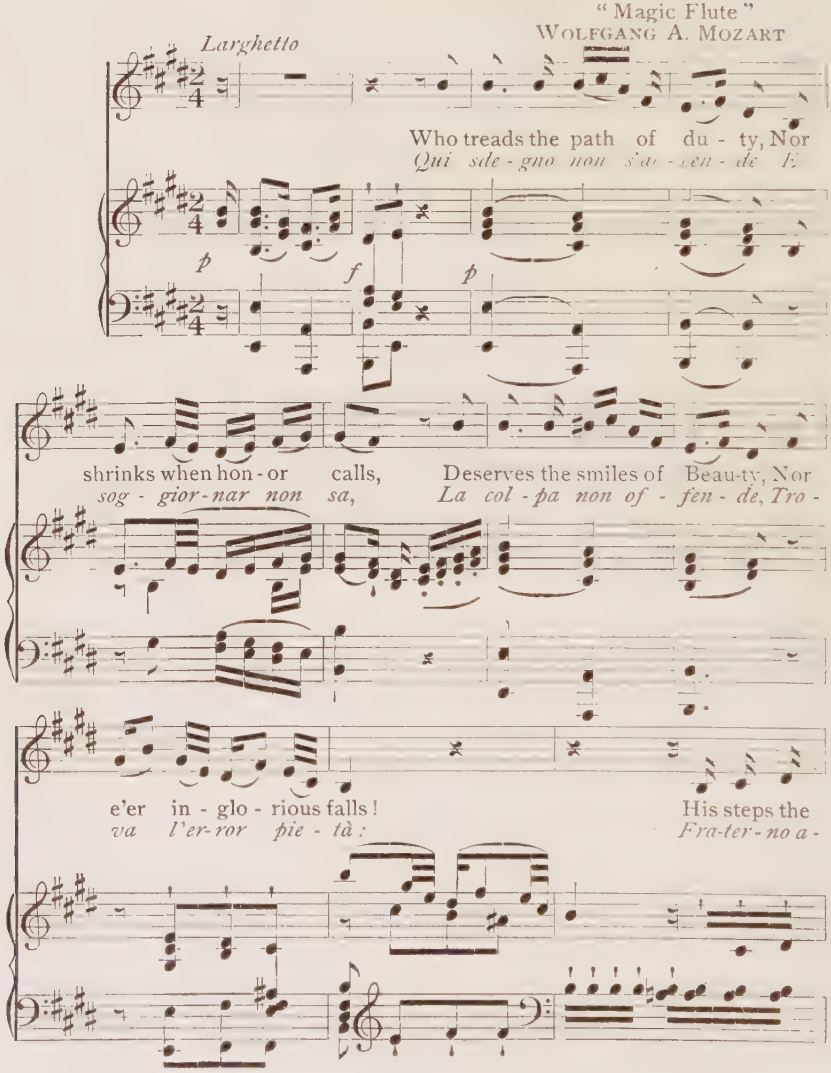
The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

—*Rogers.*

Who Treads the Path of Duty

(Qui sdegno non s'accende)

"Magic Flute"
WOLFGANG A. MOZART


Larghetto
Who treads the path of du - ty, Nor
Qui sde - gno non s'ac - cen - de
p
f
p
shrinks when hon - or calls, Deserves the smiles of Beau-ty, Nor
sog - gior - nar non sa, La col - pa non of - fen - de, Tro -
e'er in - glo - rious falls!
va l'er-ror pie - tà:
His steps the
Fra-ter - no a -

great O - si - - - ris leads By gen - tle
mor u - ni - - scei cor, in pace i
paths to gen - - tle deeds, And with glad
di pas' - siam - co - si, Fra - ter - no a -
wel - come greets him here, A pil - grim to a bright - er
mor u - ni - scei cor, in pa - cei di pas - siam co -

sphere, And with glad wel - come greets him here, A pil - grim
si Fra-ter - no a-mor u - ni - sce i cor, in pa - ce i
to a bright - er sphere, a bright - er,
di pas - siam co - si pas - siam, . . pas -
bright - er sphere.
siam co - si.

IX.

THE LITTLE MAGICIAN

While Joseph Haydn was still a young man, struggling to make a living in Vienna, a boy named Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg. You know that Vienna is the capital of Austria. Salzburg is a little Austrian city many miles from Vienna. It is beautifully situated on a small river. Wooded hills enclose it, and snow-capped mountains rise in the distance. An old castle stands on a steep height overlooking the town.

In Mozart's day a Prince-bishop lived in this castle. He was the ruler of Salzburg. Wolfgang's father was a musician in the service of this Prince-bishop.

Little Mozart was called "Woferl" by his family. He soon showed himself very quick at all his lessons, but arithmetic was his especial delight. Sometimes he covered the chairs, tables, walls and floor with figures. But even better than arithmetic he loved music.

Woferl had an elder sister, Maria Anna, whose pet name was "Nannerl." When she was only eight years old she was considered a wonderful player on the harpsichord, which was an instrument something like the piano. The baby brother used to listen and watch during his sister's music lessons. Then, when he got a chance, he dropped his playthings and trotted over to the harpsichord to play what he could remember of Nannerl's lesson.

Hermann Schneider

MOZART AND HIS SISTER

Herr Mozart soon saw that his son was very musical, and so began to give Woferl lessons when the boy was but four years old. Woferl made such remarkable progress that soon he could play well. He also composed little pieces which his father wrote down for him.

After two years of study and practice, Woferl and Nannerl were taken on a concert tour by their father. They played at Vienna for the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor found it hard to believe that a child of six could play so wonderfully. He was sure that there must be a trick somewhere. So he tested the boy musician.

Little Woferl did not hesitate a moment. He played with only one finger, to show the Emperor what he could do. Then a cloth was stretched over the keyboard so that the keys were hidden from sight. But Woferl's baby fingers found the right keys under the cloth, and he played without a single mistake. The Emperor called him "the little magician."

Woferl and Nannerl were given beautiful clothes and jewels and many costly toys by the great people whom they met at court, but they were not at all spoiled by so much attention. Woferl was a charming, sweet-tempered little boy. He treated everyone like a friend; he was not afraid even of the royal family. He used to climb into the lap of the Empress, throw his arms around her neck, and kiss her.

The children of the Emperor and Empress studied

music. One of them, Prince Joseph, played the violin. Once, when he was listening to Prince Joseph playing, Woferl suddenly exclaimed: "Fie, that was out of tune!" But when the Prince played correctly, the little critic called: "Bravo! Bravo!" Many years later, when Prince Joseph himself was emperor, he used to remind Mozart laughingly of the days long ago when the six-year-old boy had dared to criticise the future emperor.

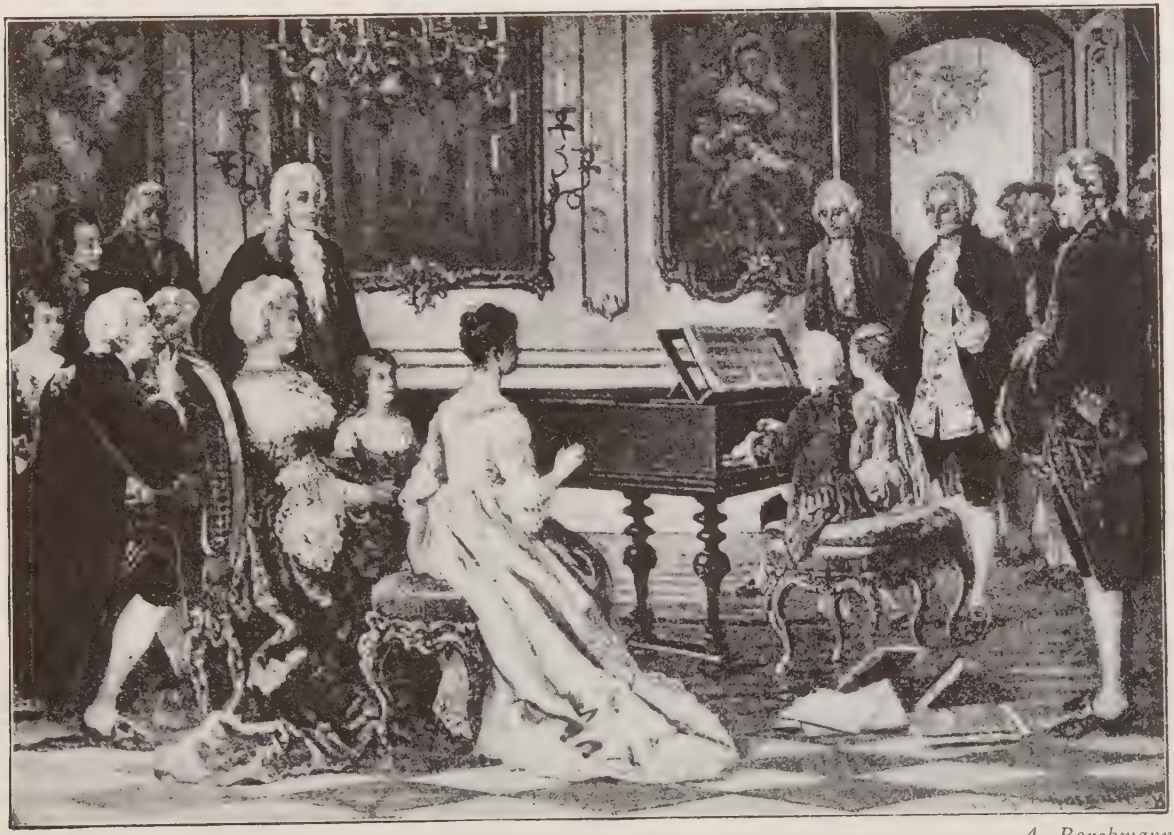
One of Prince Joseph's sisters, Marie Antoinette, was very kind to little Mozart. One day while she was leading him to the Empress, Woferl slipped on the highly polished floor and fell. Marie Antoinette helped him to his feet and comforted him.

"You are very good," said little Woferl, "and when I grow up, I will marry you."

Alas for poor Marie Antoinette! When she grew up she married the King of France, and lived to see the terrible French Revolution. Her story is one of the saddest in all history.

Herr Mozart was so well pleased with his children's success that the next year he took them on another tour. Woferl could now play on the violin and organ as well as on other instruments. The concerts were a great success. People of high culture received the little children with astonishment and delight.

The brother and sister played in most of the great cities of Europe, including Paris and London. The



A. Borckmann

MOZART AND HIS SISTER BEFORE MARIA THERESA

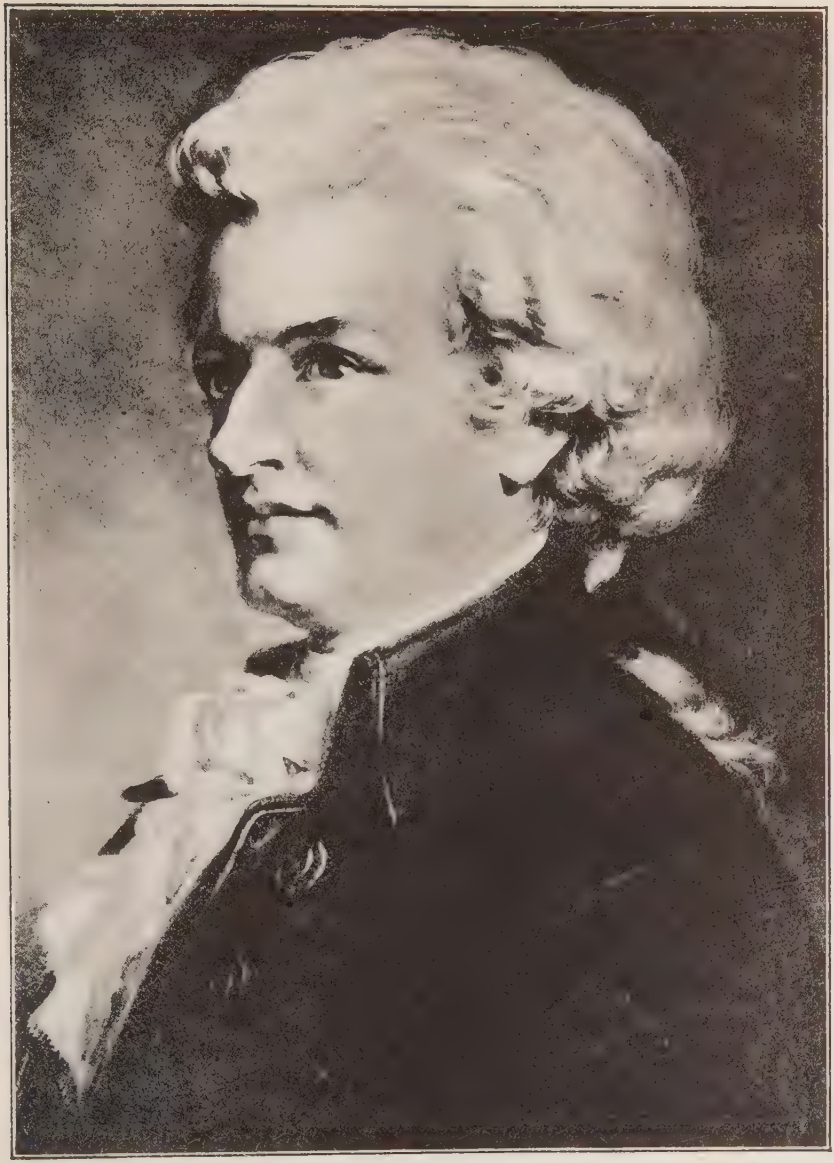
Paris concert must have been a brilliant affair, for Herr Mozart wrote to a friend: "We burned more than sixty candles." When the children crossed the English Channel, they had their first glimpse of the sea. "How the sea runs away and grows again!" cried Nannerl.

At that time the music master of the Queen of England was Christian Bach, one of the many sons of the great Sebastian. Christian Bach tested Woferl carefully. Then he said: "Many a musical director has died without knowing what this boy knows."

After their visit to England the Mozart family traveled about for three years. This was the only way in which the best teachers could be obtained for the children. Wolfgang had a chance to study the music of many nations. In spite of journeys and concerts he found time to write music. Sometimes the programs of his concerts were made up entirely of his own compositions.

We have a pleasant description of the Mozart family after their return to Salzburg. They lived in a few rooms over a warehouse, for they were still poor. The father wore an old, threadbare coat and leaned on an oaken stick. Nannerl was now about fifteen years old. She was a sweet, serious, rosy-cheeked little maiden, "pretty as an angel." Her fine playing surprised the musicians who came to the house to see her father.

Wolfgang was a bright-faced boy of about eleven. He wore a little brown coat, velvet knee-breeches and buckled



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
(1756-1791)

shoes. His long, curly hair was tied in his neck, after the fashion of the day. The beloved mother completed the family group. But we must not forget dear Bimerl, the dog, who used to get so many kisses, and "the canary that sang in G sharp."

This happy household was soon broken up once more. Herr Mozart felt that his son should know Italian music. It was difficult, however, to get permission to travel from the Prince-bishop who ruled Salzburg. He thought that these fine musicians were simply his servants. Woferl's father was receiving a salary from the Prince-bishop and did not dare to offend him.

At last, after several years, the trip to Italy was taken, but this time the mother and Nannerl had to stay at home. Wolfgang and his father remained nearly two years in Italy, where the boy musician met the finest minds and the best artists.

Once again he received many honors. The Italians called the fair-haired child a "magician," just as the Emperor had done years before. They thought that one of Mozart's operas was especially wonderful, and they said that it had come "from the stars."

As Mozart grew older, he had many troubles and many great successes. He traveled back and forth over Europe, and you must remember that all these long, tiresome journeys had to be made by carriage. He worked hard and wrote much beautiful music.

MOZART AT VIENNA PLAYING OPERA "DON JUAN" *E. J. C. Hamman*

After he married, he went to live in Vienna. Here he became acquainted with Joseph Haydn, and the two musicians were soon warm friends.

Haydn could appreciate to the full the greatness of Mozart. He said to Mozart's aged father: "I declare to you, on the faith of an honest man, that your son is the greatest composer who ever lived."

Mozart was always poor. Although his music was applauded and enjoyed by crowds of people, he was never well paid for it. Rich nobles gave him costly watches and silver snuff-boxes, but no money. The great musician often suffered from cold and hunger.

He died young, but his name will live forever. Papa Haydn used to say sadly in his old age: "The playing of Mozart! I can never forget it. It always went to the heart."

X.

MOZART'S VISITOR

One day there came to Mozart's house in Vienna a homely, overgrown youth of seventeen. To the servant at the door he explained that he was a student of music. He wished to see the great master for a few moments.

Mozart happened to be entertaining some friends. While the shy country boy waited, he heard laughter and voices in the next room, and occasionally a few notes of music. The boy's eyes brightened at the sound, but

BEETHOVEN'S VISIT TO MOZART

his breath came hard and his hands were trembling with nervousness. Could it be possible that he would soon see the greatest musician who had ever lived? For years he had hoped for this meeting. Now at last his dream was coming true.

Suddenly the door was pushed open and Mozart entered the room. He was an attractive young man with a very courtly manner. His smile was so kind that the shy boy took courage.

"I understand that you are a musician, my friend," said Mozart pleasantly. "I am always interested in young musicians. What is your name?"

"Ludwig van Beethoven," replied the boy.

Mozart asked a few more questions and then said: "Let me hear you play."

Mozart's mind was full of a new opera which he had just written. He stood and listened, good-naturedly but rather absent-mindedly, while young Beethoven played. The great composer thought that the boy had simply been trained for this particular occasion.

Beethoven saw that the important visit was not going to end well. At that moment success meant everything to him.

"Give me a subject yourself, sir," he cried, "and you will see what I can do with it!"

He seemed so anxious and unhappy that kind-hearted Mozart took pity on him. He gave Beethoven a theme.

The boy began eagerly to improvise,—that is, to compose his music as he played. His awkwardness and shyness were forgotten. He tossed back his shock of tumbled hair and his eyes shone.

Mozart listened in surprise to the brilliant, powerful playing. As Beethoven went on, the music grew more and more beautiful. Mozart stepped softly to the door and beckoned to his friends. They came on tiptoe into the room where Beethoven was playing.

"Pay attention to that boy," whispered Mozart excitedly. "Some day he will make the world speak of him."

Ludwig van Beethoven was born at Bonn, a German city on the banks of the picturesque river Rhine. His childhood was very different from the happy childhood of Mozart. Little Mozart was taught by a wise, loving father. He was petted and admired by the great people of many lands.

Beethoven's father was harsh and brutal. He was a singer, but he had no real love for music. He remembered the fame of young Mozart.

"My boy too shall be a child musician," he said. "He will be another Mozart and he will make me rich!"

So poor little Ludwig had to practice for many weary hours every day. His muscles used to ache with the strain, and often tears streamed down his cheeks. When he refused to practice any longer his father beat him cruelly.

As Beethoven grew older, however, he learned to love his work. After a while some musical people in Bonn began to recognize his genius. The dream of his boyish heart was to hear the great Mozart play.

At last came the chance to go to Vienna. We have seen how Beethoven became acquainted with Mozart. The boy made such a good impression that Mozart gave him a few lessons, and Beethoven's happiness was complete.

W. A. French

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE

All too soon he had to leave Vienna. Word came that his gentle, dearly-loved mother was dying, and so he hastened back to Bonn.

The sweet mother died not long after his return, and a little later Beethoven's sister died also. His home must now have been very gloomy. His father was a drunkard. There were two younger brothers whom Ludwig had to feed, clothe and educate.

The young man bravely took his place as head of the

little family. He gave lessons, led an orchestra, composed music, and made several life-long friends who helped him in every way that they could.

When Beethoven was about twenty-two years old, Joseph Haydn stopped at Bonn on his way home from London. Haydn became interested in Beethoven and urged the young man to come to Vienna.

And so, for the second time, Beethoven traveled to the capital of Austria. Since his first visit a sad change had taken place in the musical life of Vienna. Charming, affectionate, light-hearted Mozart had died.

Beethoven became a pupil of Haydn. Papa Haydn was deeply saddened by Mozart's death. He had loved the young genius very dearly. It is not strange that he should have compared his new pupil—shy, clumsy Beethoven—with the marvelous musician who was gone forever. The old man did not think it possible that Beethoven could ever equal Mozart.

XI.
THE DEAF MUSICIAN

Beethoven once wrote to a friend: "I wander about here with music paper among the hills and dales and valleys, and scribble a great deal. No man on earth can love the country as I do."

In the summer Beethoven used to spend many hours in the open air, listening to the birds and the soft rustle of

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A. Borckmann

BEETHOVEN AND THE RUSMNOSKY QUARTETTE

the trees and the plashing of the brooks. Whenever he went for a walk, he carried a notebook with him. Often he would stop and write down the notes of some music which happened to come into his mind.

A French artist has painted a picture of Beethoven in the country. The master is writing music by the roadside. A funeral procession is coming up the road. You can see that the people are carrying the coffin on their shoulders. The priest who is walking at the head of the procession has just recognized Beethoven. He is telling the choir-boys to stop chanting for a while in order not to disturb the great composer.

One day Beethoven was strolling in the fields with a friend. They saw at a distance a peasant playing on a bagpipe while he watched his sheep. Beethoven listened, but he could not hear the sound of the bagpipe.

"Why doesn't the shepherd pipe?" he asked.

"He is piping," replied the friend.

Beethoven walked on in silence. For the first time the sad knowledge had come to him that he was growing deaf.

He realized that he was in danger of losing his hearing altogether. He went to many doctors and tried all sorts of cures. He was willing to spend any amount of money. But no one could help him at all. Within two years, he became almost stone deaf.

Beethoven was very unhappy when he knew that he could never again hear sweet sounds. But he felt that

he could still give the world much beautiful music. Although he could not play any more, he was able to compose.

It is sad to think of this mighty musician living year after year in a world of silence. He carried a pad of paper with him everywhere. When people tried to talk with him, he handed them the paper and asked them to write instead of speaking. Sometimes he held his violin close to his face while he played, and tried to feel the music.

He was able to conduct an orchestra as well as ever, although he did not hear the loudest sounds that the musicians made. When the performance was over, he did not know that the audience had broken into thunders of applause. He had to be gently turned around to *see* the applause.

Most of his life Beethoven spent in Vienna. He made many true friends there. He never married and he usually lived in poor lodgings.

Musicians who called upon him in Vienna describe his rooms as very dreary and untidy. Music, money, papers and clothes were scattered on the floor. The bed was not made, the open piano was covered thickly with dust, and broken coffee cups stood on the table.

A little boy of ten, who afterward became a well-known musician, visited Beethoven. When he grew up, he described the composer in this way:

Leyrendecker

BEETHOVEN AT BONN

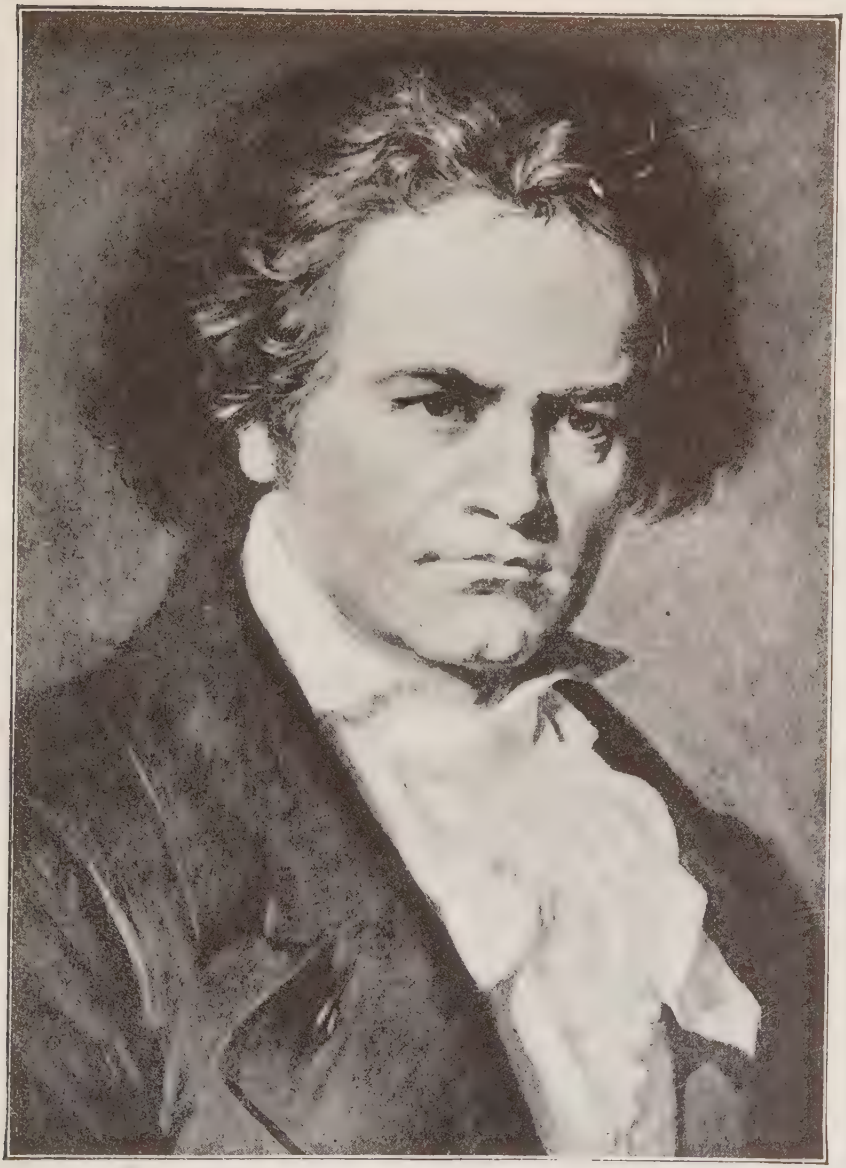
"Beethoven was dressed in a dark gray jacket and trousers of some long-haired material which reminded me of the description of Robinson Crusoe that I had just been reading. The jet-black hair stood upright on his head. A beard, unshaven for several days, made still darker his naturally swarthy face. I noticed also, with a child's quick perception, that in both ears he had cotton wool which seemed to have been dipped in some yellow fluid. His hands were covered with hair, and the fingers were very broad, especially at the tips."

But although Beethoven was so homely and rough-looking, he had flashing eyes and a noble, gentle mouth. His friends knew that he suffered greatly from ill health and from his deafness and loneliness. They forgave him whenever he was cross or unreasonable.

In the end, Beethoven not only equaled the wonderful Mozart, but actually became greater than Mozart. We consider Beethoven now the very greatest musician of his time, and one of the greatest composers of all times. Mozart's prophecy came true. Beethoven surely "made the world speak of him."

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

—*Byron.*



LUDVIG VAN BEETHOVEN
(1770-1827)

TO A VIOLIN

Thou mystic thing, all beautiful! What mind
  Conceived thee, what intelligence began
And out of chaos thy rare shape designed,
  Thou delicate and perfect work of man?

Across my hands thou liest mute and still;
  Thou wilt not breathe to me thy secret fine;
Thy matchless tones the eager air shall thrill
  To no entreaty or command of mine;

But comes thy master, lo! thou yieldest all:
  Passion and pathos, rapture and despair;
To the soul's need thy searching voice doth call
  In language exquisite beyond compare;

And with bowed head he lets the sweet wave roll
  Across him, swayed by that weird power of thine,
And reverence and wonder fill his soul
  That man's creation should be so divine.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

C. Schlosser

BEETHOVEN IN HIS STUDY

Joy, Thou Star from Heaven Appearing

Words from SCHILLER'S "Ode to Freedom" — Melody from BEETHOVEN'S "Ninth Symphony"

Thou hast pow'r to bind to - geth - er,
What the world would rend a - part, And wher - e'er thy
light wing flut - ters, Love and peace are in the heart.

XII.

THE STORY OF THE PIANOFORTE

(1. The Clavichord and the Virginal)

In the story of Stradivarius we have seen how the violin was made as nearly perfect as possible. But have you ever wondered how the piano came to be the fine instrument that we have today? Its history covers a much longer period of years than the history of the violin, because it is not so simple an instrument as the violin.

You remember that the organ was in use long ago, in the time of the Romans. We may call the organ the mother of the pianoforte. For many centuries the organ was the only instrument that had keys.

It was used in large churches, but small organs were also invented for use in private houses. These little organs were not very convenient, however, because the player always needed an assistant to pump the air into the pipes.

In the sixteenth century the clavichord came into use. It was an instrument somewhat like a zither, but it was played by means of keys. It was much more convenient than the organ, because no assistant was needed. Sometimes it was made without legs, and then it was just an oblong box that you could carry under your arm.

Monks and nuns liked to play the clavichord in their cells. It made such a faint little sound that it could not be heard a few feet away. Musicians liked to practice

upon it. Dear old Sebastian Bach loved his clavichord and used to play on it even after pianos had been invented.

It was an instrument of this sort that a kind friend gave to Handel when he was a little boy. Probably it was box-shaped and had no legs, for Handel's friend succeeded in carrying it into the house without anyone noticing it. It was set on a table in the attic and little Handel used to play on it in secret.

When Papa Haydn was an old man, he visited St. Stephen's Church in Vienna and talked to the singing-boys there. He said: "I was once a singing-boy. I was industrious; when my companions were at play, I used to take my little clavier under my arm and go off to practice."

Can you imagine yourself taking your piano under your arm and carrying it into another room? You see how very different the clavichord must have been from our modern piano.

The virginal and spinet were instruments resembling the clavichord. They had different shapes; the virginal was oblong, like the clavichord, while the spinet was usually triangular. These instruments made a low, tinkling sound.

In 1583, long before the days of Bach and Handel and Haydn, Sir James Melvil was sent by Mary Queen of Scots as ambassador to England. The great Elizabeth was then Queen of England.

One day an English nobleman said to Sir James:

"Would you like to hear her majesty play on the virginal?"

Of course Sir James was eager to hear Queen Elizabeth play. But the English lord warned him that the Queen did not like anyone to listen while she played. They must not let her know that they were near.

The two gentlemen tiptoed into a quiet corridor and stood near a curtained doorway. From the room inside came the soft tinkle, tinkle of the virginal. Sir James was curious to see the Queen playing. He forgot his friend's warning. Very softly he lifted the tapestry that hung over the doorway, and stepped into the room.

Queen Elizabeth was alone. She made a pretty picture as she sat at her virginal. Her beautiful dress, stiff with embroidery, was spread out around her like a big billow. The virginal was a very handsome one. The outside of its case was covered with red velvet, and the inside was richly decorated.

Sir James stood with bent head, listening to the music. Suddenly the Queen glanced around and saw him. She sprang to her feet.

"You should not have come in, sir," she said. "I am not used to play before people, but only when I am alone, to shun melancholy."

Sir James dropped on one knee, according to the custom of the times. He excused himself for listening by saying that he had not been able to resist the Queen's enchanting music. This pleased Queen Elizabeth. She asked Sir

James whether he thought that she played better than his own Queen, Mary of Scotland.

"My sovereign plays reasonably well, for a queen," said polite Sir James, "but I must confess that your majesty plays even better."

We do not know what Queen Elizabeth was playing when Sir James heard her. Probably it would not have sounded so beautiful to us today as it did to the Scotch nobleman hundreds of years ago. But, although the music has been lost, the Queen's virginal is still preserved in England and may be seen there today.

THE FAREWELL

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear—
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear—
For I maun cross the main.

—*Robert Burns.*

Ter Borch

THE CONCERT

This picture represents a duet between two young ladies, one playing on the bass-viol and the other seated at a spinet. We cannot see much of the girl who has her back toward us, and yet she is very charming, with her dark, braided hair and her beautiful neck. She wears a broad fur collar, a salmon-colored satin jacket and a white satin skirt.

The light in the room is soft and clear, and the colors are harmonious. The picture is delightful because of its calmness and simplicity. We seem to be peeping into a quiet household, watching two girls who have no idea that we are looking at them. It is like seeing a bit of real life.

GERARD TER BORCH

(1617-1681)

Ter Borch's father, a well-to-do Dutch official, was a great lover of the fine arts. In his youth he traveled through Germany, Italy, and France to study foreign languages and art, and in later years he devoted his spare time to painting. It was a great pleasure to him, therefore, when he discovered that his children had talent. Gerard was particularly gifted. His father carefully preserved the boy's earliest sketches and wrote proud little notes on the margins of them.

Gerard delighted in copying the objects about him, exactly as he saw them. When he was still a child, he made accurate drawings of the walls and towers of the old town where he lived, and he also drew sheds and haystacks and thatched cottages, and horses and cows. When he grew older, his father sent him away to study, and he traveled in many countries, including England. He became a painter of portraits and was invited to Spain, where he painted the King's portrait many times and received rich gifts and honors.

After long wanderings, Ter Borch came back to his native country. At the age of thirty-seven he married and settled down to a quiet life of constant toil. He painted a portrait of himself, which shows him as a very calm and dignified gentleman,—just the sort of man who would paint the tranquil, lovely pictures which bear his name.

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF — *G. Ter Borch*

XIII

THE STORY OF THE PIANOFORTE

(2. The Harpsichord and the Piano)

As time went on, more elaborate music was written. People needed a larger, finer instrument than the clavichord or the virginal or the spinet. And so the harpsichord was invented. The best kind of harpsichord looked somewhat like a grand piano of today. One difference, however, was that it had two rows of keys, an upper row and a lower row.

At the time of the American Revolution people still used harpsichords. We get a glimpse of the musical life of those days in a story about Martha Washington's little granddaughter, Nelly Custis. Nelly's father was dead, and so she and her brother lived with the Washington family.

George Washington loved Nelly as if she were his own daughter. He gave her a fine harpsichord which had been brought from Europe. Her grandmother made her practice upon it four or five hours a day.

I think that very few little girls would enjoy such a long practice period. We are not surprised that Nelly's brother said: "She would cry and play, and play and cry for hours."

Poor Nelly was probably not very grateful for her handsome present. But when she grew older, she enjoyed

her harpsichord. One of Washington's greatest pleasures was to have Nelly play and sing to him.

In those days every fashionable young lady was taught to play on the harpsichord. There were not many good music teachers. Pupils learned to strike the right notes and to keep time, but they were not taught to play with much expression.

Perhaps the teachers did not try as hard as they might have tried, because it was not easy to play a piece of music expressively on the harpsichord. There was no way of making any part of the piece sound louder or softer than the rest. The reason for this was that the strings of a harpsichord were plucked by a quill.

The pianoforte was invented to take the place of the harpsichord. The strings of a piano, as you know, are struck by little hammers, instead of being plucked. When the hammers strike lightly a very soft sound is made; when the hammers strike heavily they produce full, loud sounds. And so the pianoforte was named by putting together two Italian words,—the word "piano," which means "soft," and the word "forte," which means "loud."

Pianofortes were at first called "forte-pianos." They came into use when Sebastian Bach was an old man. He liked the clavichord better than any other instrument, but he also played finely upon the piano. You may remember that when Bach visited Frederic the Great, the

King took him from room to room of the palace, so that he might try all the new pianos.

People said that Haydn made the piano "sing" when he played. Mozart played brilliantly and delicately. Beethoven's playing was strong and powerful, but as he grew deaf his touch became too heavy. Some of the musicians who followed Beethoven wrote beautiful music for the piano, and they made pianoforte-playing a high art.

A good piano does not improve with age as a good violin does. The new pianos are always the finest. But at its best the piano is a noble instrument. Experiments are still being made with it. At some future date there may be pianos more wonderful than any that we dream of now.

XIV
A NOBLEMAN'S SON

Seven years before Mozart's death a German nobleman, Baron von Weber, arrived in Vienna with his little children. He wished to give them a musical education. The Baron was an excellent violinist, and all his family had shown unusual talent for music. His niece, Constance Weber, had married Mozart, and the Baron hoped that he might make his children as famous as young Mozart had been. So he placed his sons under the care of Michael Haydn, a brother of Papa Haydn.

The children did not have a chance to make much progress, however, for their father soon left Vienna. He was a restless, careless man, always poor, and always roving from place to place. He had been a military officer, but after being wounded in battle he left the army. Then he held an important position under a German prince, but he neglected his duties shamefully. Some time before he went to Vienna, his wife had died, and the only important result of his stay there was his marriage to a young Viennese singer. The children of the first family never became famous, but the child of the second marriage, Carl Maria von Weber, is now known as a very distinguished musician. He was born at Eutin, where the Baron had obtained the post of town-musician.

Carl was always a delicate child. During his boyhood his father led a wandering life, and Carl went with him everywhere. The Baron had given up his place as town-musician of Eutin and was now a theatrical manager. Whenever he could collect an audience he gave plays, with his older children as the actors.

From Carl's birth, his father was determined to make an infant prodigy of him. The poor child was taught to sing and to strain his little fingers upon the piano keys almost as soon as he could speak, although he could not walk until he was four years old. He must have endured many hours of suffering at the piano, while his father

stood over him, beating time with a baton. His experiences remind us of Beethoven's unhappy boyhood.

Carl was still only a tiny boy when he began to compose. His father urged him on to write music, but never gave him time to think it out carefully. The child was eleven years old when his mother died, and in the same year his first compositions were published.

His musical training was very irregular, because he had to change teachers so often in the course of his travels. He stayed for a while at Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace, and took lessons there of Michael Haydn. Later he had two years of steady training under a distinguished teacher named Abt Vogler. At the age of twenty he became secretary to Duke Ludwig, the brother of the King of Würtemberg.

By this time Carl had made a name for himself as a composer and pianist. He had also succeeded, through his own cleverness, in picking up a good general education. At the court of Würtemberg, however, he was not well treated. His salary was small, and he had to bear the entire support of his worthless father. Even though he gave music lessons to increase his income, he could not keep out of debt.

At last a great misfortune happened to him. He was put in charge of a large sum of money which was to be used in paying a mortgage on the Duke's estates. Carl's father, old Baron von Weber, took this money for his own

CARL MARIA VON WEBER
(1786-1826)

use. Both Carl and his father were arrested and thrown into prison. No one doubted the innocence of the young secretary, but after a trial he and his father were both banished from Würtemberg.

For three years Carl wandered about, giving concerts and composing operas and other works. The Baron's experiences as a theatrical manager in Carl's childhood had given the boy much useful knowledge about the stage. When he became a composer it was natural that he should be especially interested in operas. His operas became very popular. Musicians saw that his work was the beginning of a new era in German music, and Beethoven said: "Weber should now write operas,—one after the other without hesitation."

Weber knew Beethoven personally and visited the deaf musician in his untidy apartments.

"We dined together in the happiest mood," wrote Weber afterward. "The rough, repulsive man served me at table with the most delicate care. How proud I felt to receive all this kindness and affectionate regard from a great master spirit!"

It is pleasant to think of Weber's success after all the misery of his youth. His father's death freed him from a great burden. He was also very happy in his marriage. He loved his young wife devotedly, and she made his home life as nearly perfect as it could be.

Heretofore musicians had been rather looked down

upon by people of wealth and high social position. Mozart, it is true, refused to let himself be treated as a servant by the stupid Prince-bishop of Salzburg. Beethoven also was too proud to bow and scrape, even before royalty. But Weber was the first prominent musician to be received by the nobility as an equal. He himself was of noble birth. His father, though really worthless as a *man,* had borne the title of baron. Besides, Carl was handsome, agreeable and accomplished. He became a great favorite in society. After his time composers were treated much more respectfully than they had been before.

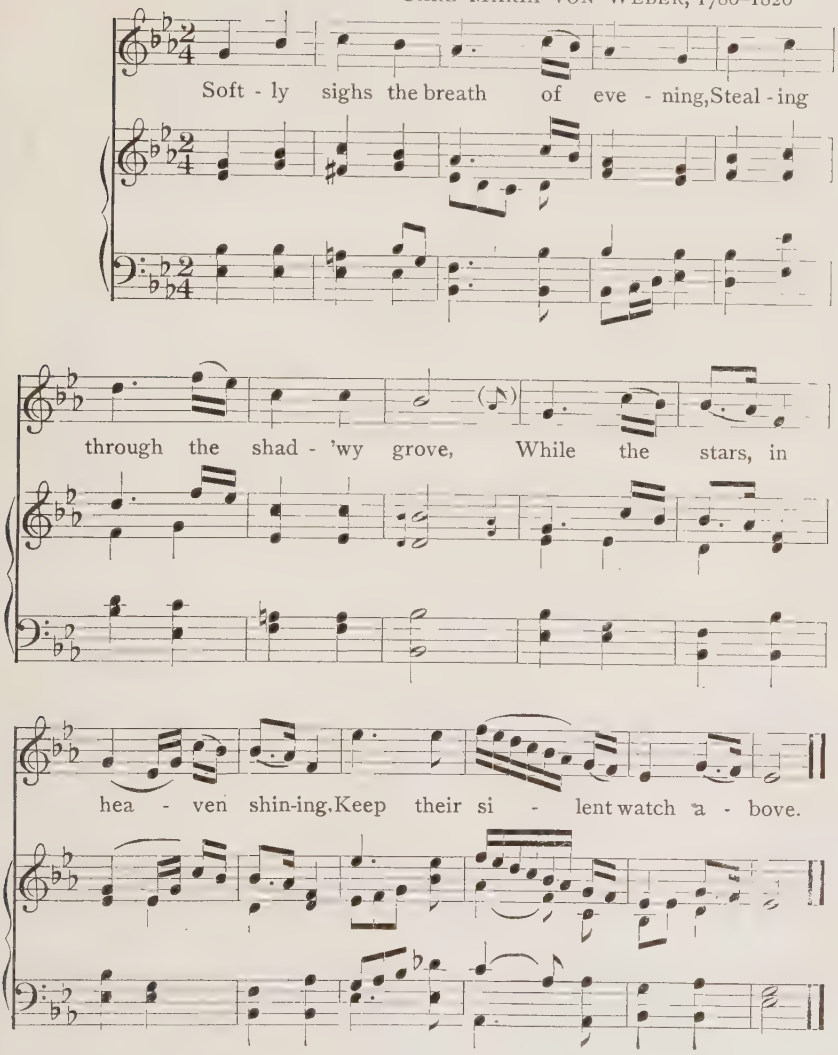
In spite of his musical triumphs, Weber did not become rich. In his fortieth year he went to England to produce a new opera. It was enthusiastically received. Weber knew that he had not long to live, and he hoped that the money from a big concert that he was going to give, added to the money from his English opera, would be enough to provide for his wife and children.

Unfortunately, the concert was not a success. Weber was cruelly disappointed, but wrote a brave letter to his wife, trying to make light of his troubles. He was very ill, and his one thought was to reach home and see his dear ones again before he died. But this was not to be. He died in England, surrounded by devoted friends.

Weber did so much to free opera from useless rules and to make it more interesting and beautiful that he has been called "the operatic liberator of Germany."

Evening Prayer

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1786–1826


Soft - ly sighs the breath of eve - ning, Steal - ing
through the shad - 'wy grove, While the stars, in
hea - ven shin-ing. Keep their si - lent watch a - bove.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle
  Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling

On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

—*Francis Mahony.*

XV
A NEGLECTED GENIUS

When the great Beethoven lay dying, a friend brought him a collection of songs by a young unknown composer named Franz Peter Schubert. Beethoven read the songs with delight. Then he said: "This Schubert has in him a spark of the divine fire."

Although Schubert had lived all his life in Vienna, close to Beethoven's home, the two musicians had never met. Schubert worshiped Beethoven from afar. Once, when a friend said to Schubert: "You will surely become a great composer," the young musician replied: "I say so to myself, sometimes—but who can do anything after Beethoven?"

Schubert was a torch bearer at Beethoven's funeral. After it was over, the young composer went to a tavern and, filling two glasses with wine, he drank one to the memory of the great man who had just been laid to rest,

and the other to the memory of the man who should be the first to follow him to the grave. The next year he himself lay beside Beethoven.

We must remember this fact about Franz Schubert,—that he died very young. All his wonderful songs were written in a short lifetime of thirty-one years.

He was born in a little house on the outskirts of Vienna. Not far away rose the hills of the beautiful Vienna Forest where Beethoven loved to wander. Schubert's father was a poor schoolmaster who had a hard time to support his large family. At first Franz was taught music by his elder brothers. Later he became a choir-boy, and received his education in return for his services in the choir, as Bach and Haydn had done. Besides singing, he studied the violin, the piano, the organ and composition.

But he hardly needed to be taught composition, for from the very beginning he was eager to write music. When he was still a little boy, he told an older friend that he really could not help composing. He said that he would do it every day if only he could afford to buy music paper. After that his friend kept him well supplied. From the year that he was thirteen until he died, Schubert composed whenever he could find a spare moment.

To play in the school orchestra was one of his duties. He became the first violin and was sometimes the leader

STATUE OF FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

of the orchestra while the teacher was absent. In this way he grew familiar with the works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

On Sundays and holidays Schubert went home, and then he and his brothers used to form a string quartet, with their father as leader. Occasionally the father made mistakes. Franz would let a mistake pass the first time, but if it happened again he would say, with a timid smile: "Herr Father, something seems to be wrong there!"

When Schubert was sixteen he could no longer sing in the choir. He spent the next three years as his father's assistant, teaching little children their A B C's. It was tiresome, uninteresting work, but at odd moments he managed to compose a great deal of music. He was still only a boy, and yet he wrote songs so beautiful that they have been sung and enjoyed all over the world.

When he was nineteen he gave up school teaching and devoted himself to music. How he managed to live is a mystery, for he gave few music lessons, and the publishers would not buy his songs. But he had several good friends who helped him. He wrote music not because he expected to get fame or wealth by it, but because he loved to do it. At one time he was glad to receive twenty cents apiece for twelve of his loveliest songs.

After his death the publishers made thousands of dollars from the sale of these songs.

One summer morning Schubert was returning from a long walk in the country with some friends and they all went into a restaurant together for breakfast. As they sat at the table Schubert picked up a book that one of his friends had been reading. It was a German translation of Shakespeare's poems. Schubert glanced through the book and a short poem caught his eye: "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings." He read it through a few times.

"If I only had music paper here!" he cried. "I have just the melody to fit this poem."

One of his friends drew a musical staff on the back of the bill-of-fare. In the midst of all the clatter and confusion of the restaurant, while Schubert waited for his breakfast, he wrote the bright, beautiful little song that is called "Hark, Hark; the Lark!" And that evening he set two more of Shakespeare's songs to music.

This story shows how easily and quickly Schubert wrote music. He enjoyed composing so much that sometimes he used to sleep in his spectacles, so that he might be ready to begin work the moment he awoke in the morning.

Schubert was a homely little man, stout and round-shouldered, with a rather heavy, dull face. Besides this he was awkward and shy in the company of stran-

gers. Yet everyone who knew him loved him. He was cheerful and affectionate, and whenever he was interested in anything his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. Although he was always poor and unsuccessful, he was not unhappy. He had warm-hearted, admiring friends; he had time for pleasant walks in the country and for jolly gatherings in the tavern every evening; and above all, he had the joy of writing music.

He died without having heard any of his greatest works performed. After he was gone, the world began to realize that it had lost a genius. Two concerts of his own works were given in Vienna to pay his funeral expenses and to put a monument over his grave.

HARK, HARK, THE LARK

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

—*Shakespeare*

NOTE.—Phœbus is another name for Apollo, the god of the sun. He was supposed to drive his fiery chariot across the sky every day. In this pretty song Shakespeare says that the sun god is going to water his horses at the cups (or chalices) of the flowers, which are filled with dew.

Karl Rohling

FRANZ SCHUBERT AND HIS FRIENDS

Hark! Hark! the Lark

Serenade from "Cymbeline"

(Composed in 1826)

(*Original Key, C*)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564–1616 FRANZ SCHUBERT, 1797–1828

Phœ - bus 'gins to rise, . . . His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On
chal - ic'd flow'rs that lies, . . . On chal - ic'd flow'rs that
lies. And wink - ing Ma - ry-buds be-gin . . to

ope their gold - en eyes, With ev - 'ry thing that
pret - ty is, My la - dy sweet, a - rise! With
ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty is, My la - dy sweet, a -

f decres.
rise! . . . a - rise, . . . a - rise, . . . My
f decres.
f decres.
la - dy sweet, a - rise, ... a - rise, ... a -
f decres.
rise, ... My la - dy sweet, a - rise!
p

THE MUSIC LESSON

"The Music Lesson" shows us part of a room in the house of some wealthy Dutch family. The floor is paved with squares of black and white marble, and the table is covered with a heavy Persian cloth. Far back, against the light gray wall, is a spinet with an inlaid case. A young lady stands before it; her hands rest on the key-board of the instrument, and her head and shoulders are reflected in the mirror hanging above it. The music master, who is richly dressed in the fashion of the day, listens attentively to his pupil. He rests one arm upon the spinet, and in his other hand he holds the bow of his violoncello, which lies on the floor near by.

Vermeer of Delft painted many pictures like this one,—quiet, little every-day scenes, which show the life of Holland at that time. The people in his pictures always seem to be really thinking about what they are doing. They are not posing for the artist.

Vermeer won his greatest success as a painter of light and sunshine. In his pictures the air and the light seem to move and quiver just as they do in nature. And so the important thing in "The Music Lesson" is the light which comes through the casement windows at one side. It falls upon the two people at the spinet and touches some parts of the room with radiance, leaving other parts in soft, dusky shadow.

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Jan Vermeer von Delft

THE MUSIC LESSON

VERMEER OF DELFT

(1632-1675)

Jan Vermeer was born at the city of Delft in Holland. As his name was a very common one he was called "Vermeer of Delft" to distinguish him from other Jan Vermeers. We know almost nothing about him except that he was at first extremely poor, that he became successful and prosperous, and that when he died he left a family of eight children. He was one of the very great painters of all time.

XVI

THE WRITING OF THE MARSEILLAISE

You have heard of the brave young Marquis de Lafayette who aided the Americans during the Revolution. When the United States was at last free, Lafayette and the other French soldiers who had come to our assistance returned to France. They were full of admiration for the young republic which they had helped to set up, and they began to wonder whether France could not be made a republic also.

For the King and Queen of France, although they were good and kind, did not know how to rule their country well. The nobles were very selfish, while the common people were very poor, ignorant and discontented and were allowed no voice in the government. It is small wonder that many Frenchmen said: "Let us

set aside our King and Queen, and have a republic, like the Americans."

Gradually the feeling that France must have a different form of government grew stronger and stronger. The people began to demand their liberty. The Queen of France at that time was the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Before her marriage she had been an Austrian princess, and you may remember that she was kind to little Mozart when he was at the Austrian court. As soon as it became evident that Marie Antoinette and her husband, Louis XVI, were in danger of losing their power, the Austrians raised an army to go to their rescue. The Prussians joined the Austrians. So France declared war against both Austria and Prussia, and sent out a call to arms.

Just at this exciting time, when all the French were preparing to fight the foreign invaders, the Mayor of Strassburg (which was then a French city) gave a banquet in honor of the soldiers. In Strassburg the enthusiasm for the war was tremendous. There had been a religious ceremony at the cathedral, and a grand musical celebration in the open air, banquets for the aged poor people and for the orphans, and, last of all, Mayor Dietrich's great dinner of farewell. On the next day the officers and volunteers were to march away, and Dietrich's two sons would be among them.

Of course all the talk at the last great dinner was of battles and victories. Someone spoke of patriotic songs.

Mayor Dietrich said that he would offer a prize for a good war song which would rouse the men of France to fight for their country.

Suddenly a different idea occurred to him. He turned to one of his guests, Rouget de Lisle, a military engineer. This young man was already known as a poet, a novelist, a musical composer, and a writer of plays. None of his works had been very remarkable, but they showed promise. So Dietrich suggested that Rouget de Lisle should compose a song for the French soldiers.

De Lisle at first tried to excuse himself. But when the banquet was over and the guests were saying farewell, realizing that perhaps they might never meet again, De Lisle's patriotic enthusiasm rose to fever heat. He went to his lodgings near by, but he could not sleep. His violin lay on the table. Taking it up, he tried a few chords. It seemed as if a melody grew under his fingers, harmonizing with the patriotic words that came into his mind.

Sometimes he composed the melody before the words, sometimes the words before the melody, so that he himself could not tell whether the notes or the verses came first. He strummed on his harpsichord, he wrote and hummed, and spent many hours trying over the song and rearranging it. At last it was finished. He threw himself down on his bed and slept heavily. He did not know that in those few hours he had won undying fame.

G. Pils

ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE

The next morning he hurried off to the Mayor's house with the verses and melody. Dietrich was strolling in the garden.

"Let us go indoors," he said. "I will try the air on the clavichord and shall be able to tell at once whether it is very good or very bad."

Dietrich was a true musician and he saw the worth of the new song at once. All the guests of the night before who had not gone away were invited by the Mayor to another dinner. They were not told why they had been summoned. After dinner one of the young ladies opened the clavichord, and Rouget de Lisle sang.

It is this inspiring moment which has been pictured by the French artist, Pils. He shows us Rouget de Lisle thundering forth his immortal song with all the fervor of his patriotic spirit. Dietrich is looking up at him earnestly, and the rest of the company are deeply stirred by the magnificent war hymn. "At the first stanza all faces turned pale; at the second, tears ran down every cheek, and at last the madness of enthusiasm burst forth." In this way the French national hymn came into being.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

—*Rogers.*

The Marseillaise

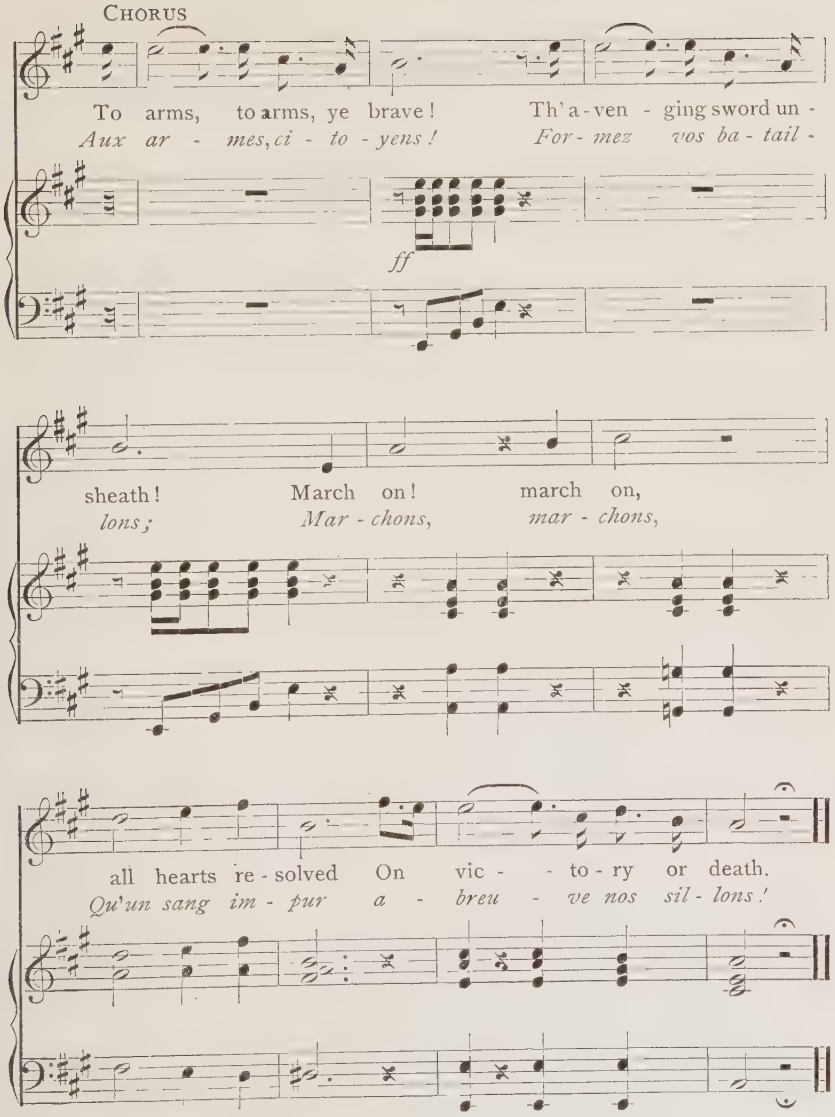
ROUGET DE LISLE, 1760–1836

Ye sons of free - dom, wake to
Al - lons, en - fants de la pa -
f
glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr - iads bid you
tri - e. Le jour de gloire est ar - ri -
rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires
vé; Con - tre nous de la ty - ran -
p

hoar - y; Be - hold their tears and hear their
ni - e, L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le -
cries, Be - hold their tears and hear their
vé, L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le -
f
cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief
vé; En - ten - dez vous, dans les cam -

breed-ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -
pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils
f
fright and des - o - late the land, While
vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras, E -
peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing! To
gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pa - gnes! Aux

arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - ven - ging sword un -
ar - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez vos ba - tail -
ff
sheath! March on, March on,
lons; Mar - chons, Mar - chons,
all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.
Qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - ve nos sil - lons!


CHORUS
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-ven - ging sword un -
Aux ar - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez vos ba - tail -
ff
sheath! March on! march on,
lons; Mar - chons, mar - chons,
all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death.
Qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

XVII

THE MARSEILLAISE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Claude-Joseph Rouget de Lisle, the young officer who wrote the "Marseillaise," was born in a beautiful, mountainous part of France. His father was a country lawyer.

Even as a little boy Claude-Joseph was fond of music. Once a company of strolling musicians gave a concert in the village where he lived. The child was so fascinated by the music that he followed the band as it marched away. When he was brought back and scolded, he said: "O Mamma, I do love you, but they played so beautifully!"

The boy took lessons on the violin, but he did not learn much harmony. And so, after he became a man and composed his wonderful war song, he could write only the melody and a simple accompaniment. Madame Dietrich, the Mayor's wife, was as accomplished a musician as her husband. She corrected the small mistakes in De Lisle's music, arranged the piece for part-singing and orchestra, and made many copies.

Two months afterward the song was sung at a banquet at Marseilles, a city in the south of France. The people at the banquet were so delighted with the song that they had copies printed and distributed to their soldiers who were just starting for Paris. These soldiers from Marseilles set forth early in July, dragging their big guns

with them, and singing as they went. Every village through which they passed learned the new song. It was a month before they marched into the French capital, singing their beautiful, stirring war song, and ever afterward Rouget de Lisle's hymn was known as "the song of the men of Marseilles," or "the Marseillaise."

When the mob stormed the King's palace a few days later, the Marseillaise was heard again. By this time the French Revolution had begun in terrible earnest. The King and his family were made prisoners. All officers and public officials were asked to take the oath of allegiance to the new government.

Rouget de Lisle refused to take this oath. He loved France and wished to help her, but he did not believe that the King should be put off his throne. So he not only lost his position in the army, but had to flee for his life.

For many months he wandered among the mountains near his old home. One day he engaged a boy to guide him through the mountain passes, and was surprised to hear the boy singing his war song.

"What is that you are singing, my lad?" asked De Lisle.

"You don't know, sir?" cried the boy in astonishment. "Why, that's the song of the Marseilles volunteers that everybody knows by heart. It's called the Marseillaise."

For the first time Rouget de Lisle heard the name that the revolutionists had given to his work. The French

armies marched to victory to the strains of the "Marseillaise." A French general said: "We fought one against ten, but the Marseillaise was on our side." Another general wrote: "Send us ten thousand men and one copy of the Marseillaise, and I will answer for victory."

It may seem strange that Rouget de Lisle was in danger of his life from the very people who were singing his song. But the French revolutionists were too greatly excited to be reasonable. They would not listen to the advice of wise, moderate men who could have helped to give them a firm and yet free government.

For centuries the common people had been so cruelly treated that they had become very cruel themselves. They hated all people of high rank and thirsted for their blood. So they executed Louis XVI, the well-meaning but stupid King, and also the proud, beautiful Queen, Marie Antoinette. All the members of the royal family and all the nobles who could not escape from the country were killed as well,—men, women, even children.

Lafayette was one of the moderate leaders. He tried to protect the rights both of the people and the King. His ideas did not suit the men who had taken the law into their own hands, and his arrest was ordered.

In trying to escape, Lafayette fell into the hands of the Austrians, with whom the French were at war. He was kept prisoner in Austria for five years and was most

harshly treated. But, as you know, he was at last set free, and was able in his old age to visit America again.

Among the victims of the French Revolution was good Mayor Dietrich. Like Rouget de Lisle, he refused to swear allegiance to the new government; he thought that the people could have freedom without killing their king and queen. He went to the scaffold to the sound of the very song which had been written by his friend, and which had first been sung in his own house.

Rouget de Lisle was more fortunate than Dietrich. He was arrested and cast into prison, but at the end of the Revolution he was released. He was poor and alone. All the other guests at Dietrich's famous banquet were gone; some had been executed like Dietrich, others had died in prison or on the field of battle, and still others were in exile.

De Lisle had a long struggle with poverty and neglect. He was just able to keep alive by teaching, copying music, and making translations from English books. But he was a warm-hearted man, and he had many friends who helped him through these bad times.

At last the government granted him a pension and bestowed upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. His old age was free from care, and he was happy among his literary, artistic and musical friends. He proudly wore the red rosette of the Legion of Honor on his shabby military overcoat.

The republic which the French revolutionists had set up lasted only a few years. When France was once more ruled by a king, the singing of the "Marseillaise" was forbidden. The song seemed too fierce and wild; it reminded people too much of the frightful days when the savage revolutionists had sung it.

But at Rouget de Lisle's funeral, some one in the vast crowd began to sing the forbidden song. Instantly other voices took it up, and soon all the people present were solemnly singing the "Marseillaise" as they followed De Lisle's body to the grave.

Rouget de Lisle was not a great composer, like the other musicians of whom we have been reading. No composition of his has lived except the "Marseillaise." But the "Marseillaise" has made De Lisle immortal. A German poet named Heine said of it: "What a song! It thrills me with fiery delight, it kindles within me the glowing star of enthusiasm." And the British poet and novelist, Sir Walter Scott, called it "the finest hymn to which Liberty has ever given birth."

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
  From wandering on a foreign strand?

—*Walter Scott.*

Vigée Le Brun

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN

Madame Le Brun painted Marie Antoinette surrounded by her children, in the happy days before the French Revolution. The Queen is splendidly dressed in a robe of red velvet trimmed with fur. On her powdered hair she wears an elaborate red toque decorated with ostrich plumes. She holds her baby boy on her lap, and her sweet-faced young daughter clings lovingly to the mother's arm. The older boy lifts the curtain of an empty cradle belonging to a little sister who died just before this painting was made.

When King Louis saw the picture, he said to the artist: "I do not know much about painting, but you make me love it!" He was delighted to have so fine a portrait of his wife and children. Unhappily the older boy died about a year afterward. The Queen could not look at the picture without weeping, because it reminded her so vividly of her cruel loss. She had it put away, but was careful to explain her reason, so that the artist's feelings should not be hurt. If the picture had been left in its place on the wall it would certainly have been destroyed when the savage mob burst into the palace at the beginning of the French Revolution. After the Revolution the picture was brought from its hiding place and was hung once more in the palace.

Of this happy family group only the little girl lived to see the end of the Revolution. The Queen, as you

know, was executed, and the younger boy died in prison because of the dreadful treatment that he received. The young Princess escaped from France when the Revolution was over. She lived for many years afterward, but it is said that from the day of her mother's death she was never known to smile.

MARIE-LOUISE-ELISABETH VIGEE LE BRUN

(1755-1842)

Elisabeth Vigée was the daughter of a painter in Paris. When she was a little girl at school she used to decorate her copybooks and even the walls of the schoolroom with faces and landscapes in colored chalk. After she left school she took some lessons in painting, and spent many happy hours in her father's studio, working away to her heart's content.

Her mother was strict and severe, but her father was very kind and tender. He died when Elisabeth was thirteen years old, and for a time she was broken-hearted. However, she made rapid progress in art, and at fifteen she was earning so much money by painting portraits that she had taken her father's place as the chief support of the family.

Elisabeth was an extremely beautiful girl, and had also a charming manner and a quick wit. She became very popular. When she was nineteen, she married a well-known picture dealer, named Le Brun, who was

many years older than she was. He was an agreeable man, but a spendthrift. He threw away his own fortune and then had no hesitation in wasting all the money that his young wife could earn. She worked harder than ever, with no time for rest. Her great consolation was her sweet little daughter.

Madame Le Brun painted many portraits of Marie Antoinette. The Queen treated her very kindly. Every day, after Marie Antoinette had sat for her portrait, she sang duets with the painter, for the Queen dearly loved music, and Madame Le Brun had a charming voice.

All the money that the artist earned was immediately taken by her husband. But Madame Le Brun cared little for luxuries. She wore simple muslin dresses and entertained her friends in one tiny room. So many people came to her evening parties that great nobles had to sit on the floor, because there were not enough chairs.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution Madame Le Brun fled in disguise to Italy with her little daughter. In Italy she was welcomed and honored. She spent several years in Vienna, and here she heard of the tragic fate of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Many of her friends and acquaintances who had not escaped from France met death on the scaffold.

After a visit to Russia, Madame Le Brun returned to Paris. It was twelve years since she had left her home,

Marie Louise Elizabeth Vigée Le Brun

MADAME LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER

but all her old friends who were left flocked around her. When she entered a concert room, everyone turned in her direction and applauded heartily; even the musicians rapped on their violins with their bows. She visited England for three years, and later went to Switzerland. Her husband and daughter died, to her great grief, but she herself lived on to be an old woman. Although her beauty faded, her gayety and courage and sweet temper remained. To the end she worked on her beloved art, and it always consoled her in trouble.

XVIII

THE HAPPY MUSICIAN

All the great musicians of whom we have read had to suffer many hardships in their childhood. Sometimes, like little Handel, they were not allowed to study music; sometimes they were forced to practice too long, like the boy Beethoven; and most of them were very poor. Even merry little Mozart knew what poverty and anxiety meant. But now we come to a musician whose life seems to have been all sunshine from beginning to end.

Felix Mendelssohn was one of four children, two brothers and two sisters, in a wealthy and very intelligent Jewish family. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, but was brought up in Berlin. When he was three years old and his sister Fanny was seven, their mother began

to give them short music lessons. This little boy and girl remind us of Woferl and Nannerl Mozart, because they both loved music so dearly and played together so much. Their brother and sister, Paul and Rebecca, were musical, too; Rebecca sang, and Paul played the 'cello.

The four children began their day's work at five o'clock every morning, and all day long they were busy with study and practice and games. Only on Sundays were they allowed to sleep late. Every Sunday they gave concerts in the big dining-room for their friends and guests. Curly-headed little Felix used to mount a stool, take the baton, and act as conductor of the small orchestra, leading the players very solemnly and very correctly.

Felix first played in public when he was nine years old. He did not begin to compose at so early an age as Mozart did, but after he was ten, he wrote a great deal of music every year. He had a chance to play his compositions at the Sunday concerts.

His parents provided him with excellent teachers, and he also traveled in foreign countries, meeting distinguished musicians and poets. He was able to speak French and English as well as German, to write in Italian and to read Greek. Besides this, he was fond of walking, riding, swimming and dancing. As he grew older, he enjoyed sketching from nature and painting in water colors.

Fanny Mendelssohn shared all her brother's studies,

and was as talented as he was. The charming letters that he wrote to her whenever they were separated show how warmly he loved this sweet elder sister. They never quarreled or were at all jealous. Whenever Felix composed anything, he could scarcely wait to show it to his dear "Fance." Everything that the two young people liked they shared in common. Their mother used to say laughingly that they were really vain of one another.

Artists who lived in Berlin or who chanced to pass through the city, delighted in attending the Sunday concerts at the Mendelssohn house. On Felix's fifteenth birthday a three-act opera of his was performed. It was a very exciting and joyous occasion for the children. After the concert the company sat down to supper. Herr Zelter, Felix's stern old music teacher, rose and took the boy's hand.

"I proclaim your independence," he said, "in the name of Haydn, of Mozart, and of old Father Bach!"

A year or two after this great event, the family moved to a big stately mansion. The mother's little sitting-room opened by three arches into a larger room, and the young people used this for their home plays. All around the house were beautiful grounds, and behind it stood a villa called the Garden House.

The four young Mendelssohns had a little home newspaper or journal in which they and their friends wrote whatever thoughts occurred to them while strolling

through the gardens or listening to music. In summer the children called their journal "The Garden Times," and in winter, "The Snow and Tea Times." Fanny wrote charming poems for this little paper, and each member of the family circle contributed merry thoughts and sad thoughts as well as wise ideas on a great variety of subjects.

One summer Felix and Fanny read a German translation of Shakespeare's poetry. They were delighted with it, and particularly enjoyed "A Midsummer Night's Dream." They read it out of doors under the trees, or with their friends in the pleasant Garden House, and they wrote their thoughts about it in "The Garden Times." Both brother and sister were deeply stirred by the loveliness of Shakespeare's fairy play.

That happened to be an especially beautiful summer. It is no wonder that Felix was inspired by his delightful surroundings. He translated "A Midsummer Night's Dream" into music. At first he wrote it for the piano, and he and Fanny practiced it over and over again in duet form. Then he arranged it for full orchestra.

The chief theme is played by the violins, and the delicate, graceful music gives a picture of the fairies. Contrasting with this is a clumsy, awkward theme which represents some stupid mortals who are straying in the wood where the fairies live. One of these men, a silly fellow named Bottom, loses his way in the wood and

falls asleep. A mischievous fairy claps an ass's head over Bottom's head, and it seems to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders.

In Mendelssohn's music, the bassoon brays when Bottom is turned into an ass, and the bass tuba gives a heavy snore when Bottom is sleeping among the fairies. The effect is very comical. It makes us realize that Felix, with all his great talent, was just a light-hearted boy when he wrote this composition.

The first performance was given in the Garden House, before a large audience of friends and acquaintances. Everyone who heard the beautiful new music was surprised and enthusiastic. The next year it was given a public performance.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" music alone would have been enough to make Felix forever famous,—and it was written when he was only seventeen years old.

FAIRY SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

This pretty song is sung by Puck, the merriest and most mischievous of the fairies. The "orbs" that he speaks of are "fairy rings," which were supposed to be formed by the fairies dancing in a circle on the grass.

Queen Elizabeth, who was the ruler of England in Shakespeare's day, had a band of military courtiers called pensioners. They were the handsomest and tallest young noblemen that could be found, and they wore splendid uniforms covered with gold lace and jewels. That is why Puck says that the tall yellow cowslips with their red spots are the "pensioners" of the fairy queen.

In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakespeare describes the fairy queen's bower. It was a bank where fragrant wild thyme grew, and cowslips and nodding violets, with woodbine and sweet musk-roses forming a canopy. There the queen slept part of every night. She was wrapped in the enameled skin of a snake which, though a tiny coverlet, was wide enough for a fairy.

Before the queen went to bed, she told her fairies how to employ themselves while she slept.

"Some of you," said the queen, "must kill the little worms in the musk-rose buds; some must fight the bats to get their leather wings out of which coats may be made for my small elves; and some of you be sure to keep away the noisy owl that disturbs me every night with his hooting. Now sing me to sleep, and then go about your duties."

So the fairies danced around her, singing this dainty lullaby:

"You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

"Philomel,* with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby."

*Philomel is a name for the nightingale.

XIX

THE FATHER OF MUSIC

When Mendelssohn was a boy, Sebastian Bach's music had gone out of fashion. Bach was still considered one of the great composers and his works were diligently studied by young musicians, but they were never played in public. Bach was almost forgotten by most people in Germany.

One of Felix's friends said: "Do you know, Bach's music seems to me like an exercise in arithmetic?"

"Does it?" replied Felix. "I will prove to you, then, that it is not!"

So he found sixteen good singers in Berlin and invited them to meet at his house on Saturday evenings to study Bach's "Passion Music." It was a long, hard task, but Felix was full of enthusiasm. After two years of practice, when his small choir could sing the music well, he determined to give public performances with a large choir.

Old Herr Zelter, Felix's former teacher, was a person of great importance in the musical life of Berlin. Felix and one of his intimate friends called on Zelter to get his consent to a performance of the "Passion Music." They found the old musician sitting with his pipe, in a cloud of smoke. He stared at the two young men.

"Why, how is this?" he cried. "What do two such fine young fellows want with me at this early hour?"

Felix explained, and the old man grew excited. He scolded and frowned and argued, put aside his pipe, and began stamping around the room. But the two friends persisted, and at last Zelter had to yield. He let Felix use his singers, but he personally would have nothing to do with the business.

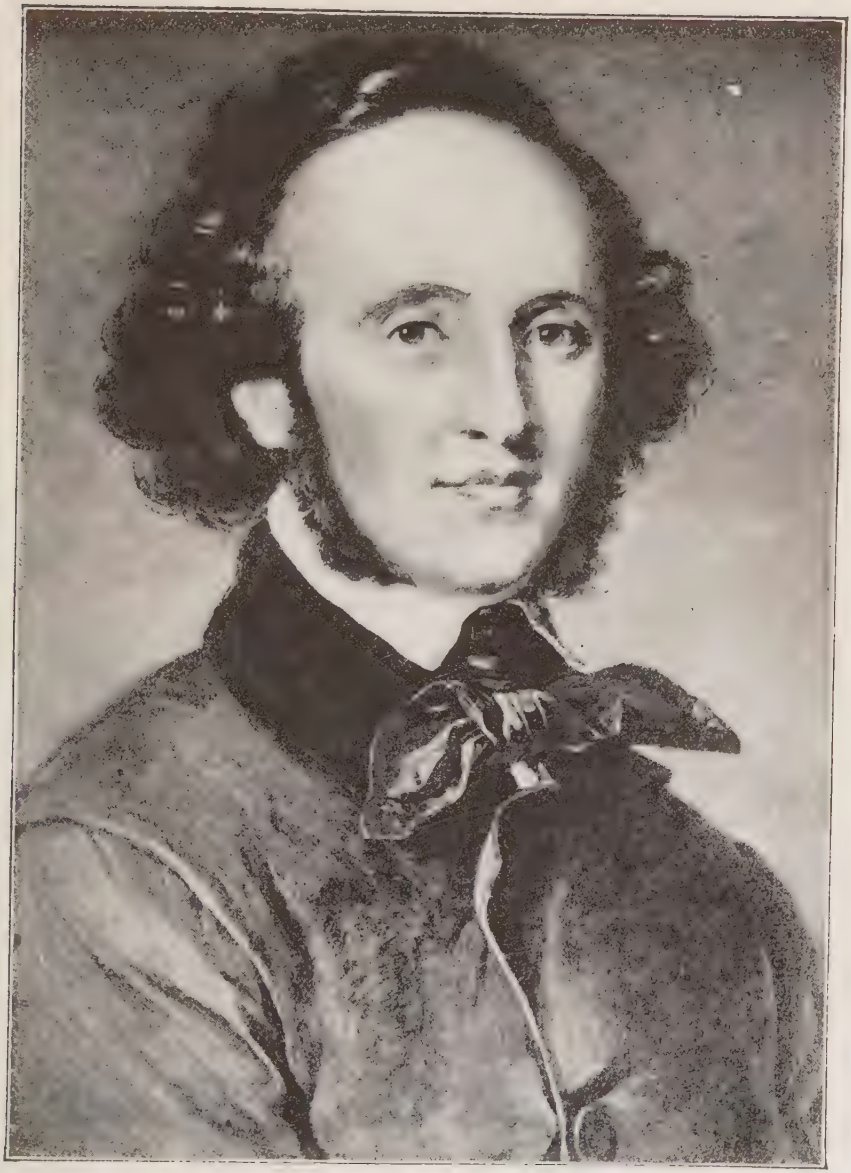
Felix trained the great choir, and the public performance was an immense success. It was just one hundred years since the "Passion Music" had last been heard. Berlin went wild over Bach's mighty work. Everyone wanted another performance, and at last the King himself commanded that the work should be repeated. So the "Passion Music" was given again on Bach's birthday, and once more people flocked to hear it.

Bach will never be forgotten again. Young Felix Mendelssohn made the world realize that Sebastian Bach was truly "the great father of music."

XX

FELIX AND FANNY

Although young Mendelssohn had won such success as a musician, his father was at first unwilling that he should make music his life-work. It was not until Felix was twenty years old, and a student in the University of Berlin, that he was allowed to choose music as his profession. Having made this decision, the elder Mendels-



FELIX MENDELSSOHN
(1809-1847)

sohn required his son to travel about in Europe, so that he could become thoroughly acquainted with music and musicians, and could decide in which of the great cities he would like to live.

Felix traveled in England and Scotland, Italy, Switzerland and France. He worked every day at his music, went to the great art galleries, visited famous musicians, and heard music whenever he could. He wrote long, delightful letters home. Sometimes he sent Fanny one of his "Songs Without Words." He used to dash off these lovely little compositions at odd moments, in the midst of his study and social engagements. Everybody liked the bright, handsome young man, and he, for his part, enjoyed meeting interesting people.

While Felix was traveling and studying, Fanny stayed quietly at home. She had been more fortunate than most girls of her times in receiving as good an education as her brother. But it was always impressed upon her that she must think of music only as an ornament, never as a profession. In those days it would have been considered very astonishing for a woman to become a professional musician.

Notwithstanding her many household duties, however, Fanny often found time to compose. Her works were published under her brother's name and among his compositions, so that it is now impossible to discover which of the "Songs Without Words" she wrote. In his letters

Felix sometimes mentioned her compositions. Once, when he was visiting England, Queen Victoria consented to sing one of his songs for him.

Felix said afterward: "She sang it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written that song (which I found very hard, but pride must have a fall), and to beg her to sing one of my own also."

During Felix's years of travel Fanny married an artist named Hensel, and Rebecca married a professor. So Felix found his home somewhat changed when he returned, but it was as beautiful and happy as before. Fanny and her husband lived in the Garden House, with Hensel's studios occupying all the spare room. Here Fanny held her "matinees of music," which were attended by the finest musicians and society people in Berlin. These concerts became celebrated because of the noble compositions which were performed there, week after week.

When Felix was twenty-eight years old he married a beautiful, sympathetic young girl who was devoted to him, and who made him very happy. He held important musical positions in Leipsic, and founded a Conservatory of Music there. It is interesting to know that he also had a monument erected to "Old Father Bach." During these years Mendelssohn was busier than ever and his health began to fail, although he was still young.

Meanwhile a musical friend had persuaded Fanny to publish a little book of her best work. Felix did not approve of this proceeding, for he still had the idea, like his father, that a woman should not compose. However, he wrote kindly about it to Fanny. The little book was a great success. Fanny was much encouraged and began to write more important compositions. She was very happy in her work.

But her success had come too late. One day she was playing at a concert in the Garden House. Suddenly her fingers dropped from the keys, and soon afterward she died.

The news of her death gave Felix a shock from which he never recovered. He gave up his regular work and went to Switzerland, where he spent his time sketching and devoting himself to the education of his children. But all his gayety was gone. His health did not improve and he died a few months after Fanny. He was only thirty-eight years old.

Our picture, by the German artist Poetzelberger, shows Felix and Fanny in their youth, before Felix started on his travels. He is playing one of the "Songs Without Words," and Fanny is seated beside him at the piano, her head resting on his shoulder. She is listening to the music with dreamy pleasure. The picture shows the deep love and sympathy that existed between the gifted brother and sister. It leaves us with a pleasant memory

of the young musician who had so few cares and worries during his sunny life, and so much happiness and success.

R. Poetzelberger

SONG WITHOUT WORDS

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

—*Tennyson.*

O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

ROBERT BURNS — FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847

Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A -
sf
round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,
p
Thy shield should be my
p
p
bos - om, To share it a', To share it a'.

XXI

THE STORY OF THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

During the War of 1812 between America and England, many brilliant victories were won by the little American navy. On land, however, American successes were few, and in 1814 the British were able to march on the city of Washington. An attempt was made to stop them, but it failed disgracefully. The American troops fled headlong, and the only man that they lost in the encounter was said to have died from running. This left the enemy's way open to the capital.

President Madison sent a servant to warn Mrs. Madison of her danger. In order to save the full length portrait of George Washington which hung in the White House, she cut it from its frame and had it carried away. She also rescued some important papers. So quickly did she have to flee that she left the dinner table spread for forty guests. Unexpected guests sat down to it,—forty hungry red-coats!

As soon as the British had taken possession of the helpless city, they burned the Capitol, the White House, and several other public buildings. Only smoke-blackened walls remained of the finest part of Washington. Having accomplished this destruction, the foe sailed away to capture Baltimore. While part of their forces attacked

the city from the land, their fleet bombarded Fort McHenry.

Francis Scott Key, an American lawyer, went out to the British fleet with a flag of truce, to ask for the release of a friend. He was not allowed to return to the fort, for fear that he might carry back valuable information. The British commander boasted to Key that the fort could hold out only a few hours

During all that anxious night, the American prisoner was divided between hope and fear, while he strained his eyes through the darkness to see whether his country's flag still floated above Fort McHenry. Washington had been captured; would Baltimore also fall into the hands of the British? At midnight the British bombardment ceased, and by the first faint light of dawn, Key saw that the flag was still waving triumphantly above the fort. His relief and joy found expression in a song which will be sung as long as the flag is known.

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave pròof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Key wrote only the words of this song, adapting them to a popular melody.

The British fleet was badly damaged by the fire of the American guns. It withdrew from Fort McHenry, and Baltimore was safe. Not long afterward peace was concluded between Great Britain and America, and the two nations have never since been at war. But at least one good thing came out of their quarrel,—our inspiring national song. Whenever we hear it, we think of the flag of our country and all that it means to us, and our hearts glow with love and pride.

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

—*Henry Holcomb Bennett.*

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1779–1843 JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

Con spirito
1. Oh, . . say can you see, by the
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the
3. And . . where is that band who so
dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the
mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught - y host in dread
vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war, and the
twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A . . home and a

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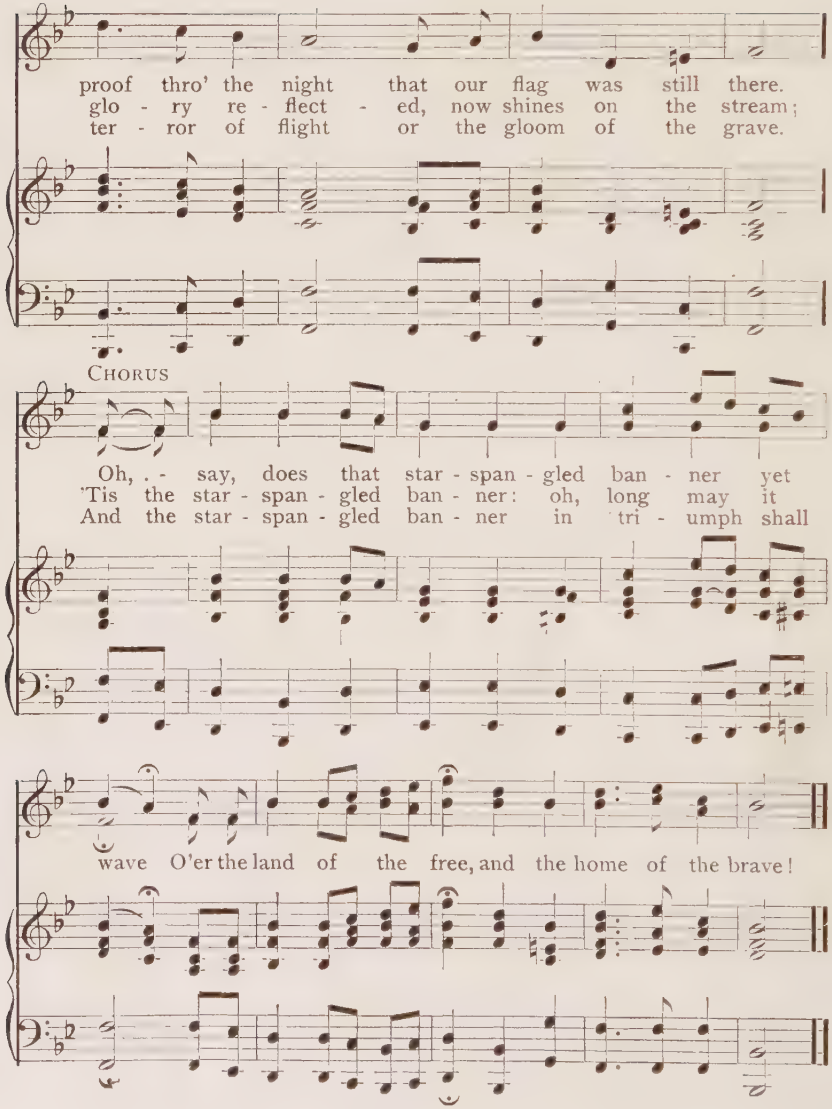
stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we
breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
coun - try should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd
watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the
blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion! No . .
rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
ref - uge could save the . . hire - ling and slave From the


proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream;
ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
CHORUS
Oh, . - say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner: oh, long may it
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

XXII
BETWEEN LAW AND MUSIC

At the famous old university of Heidelberg, in Germany, there was once a student named Robert Schumann. His father was dead, and his mother was determined that he should study law. But, like Handel, Schumann was much more interested in music than in law.

He often practiced seven hours a day, and even when he went on excursions, he carried a dumb keyboard with him in order to keep up his practicing. Once a week he and his friends had a "music evening." On these occasions Robert used to delight his listeners by improvising,—that is, he composed the music as he played it, without any previous preparation. He resembled both Handel and Beethoven in having the ability to improvise.

As you may imagine, Robert's study of law did not make much progress when his days were so full of music. He tried hard to become interested in law, but he found this impossible. At the age of twenty he wrote to his mother: "My whole life has been a twenty years' war between poetry and prose, or, let us say, music and law."

Frau Schumann was bitterly disappointed. She did not wish her son to become a musician, and yet she saw that he was very unhappy at Heidelberg. So she wrote to his former music teacher, Frederic Wieck, asking his opinion in the matter. Wieck decided that Robert ought to give up the study of law and make music his life-work.

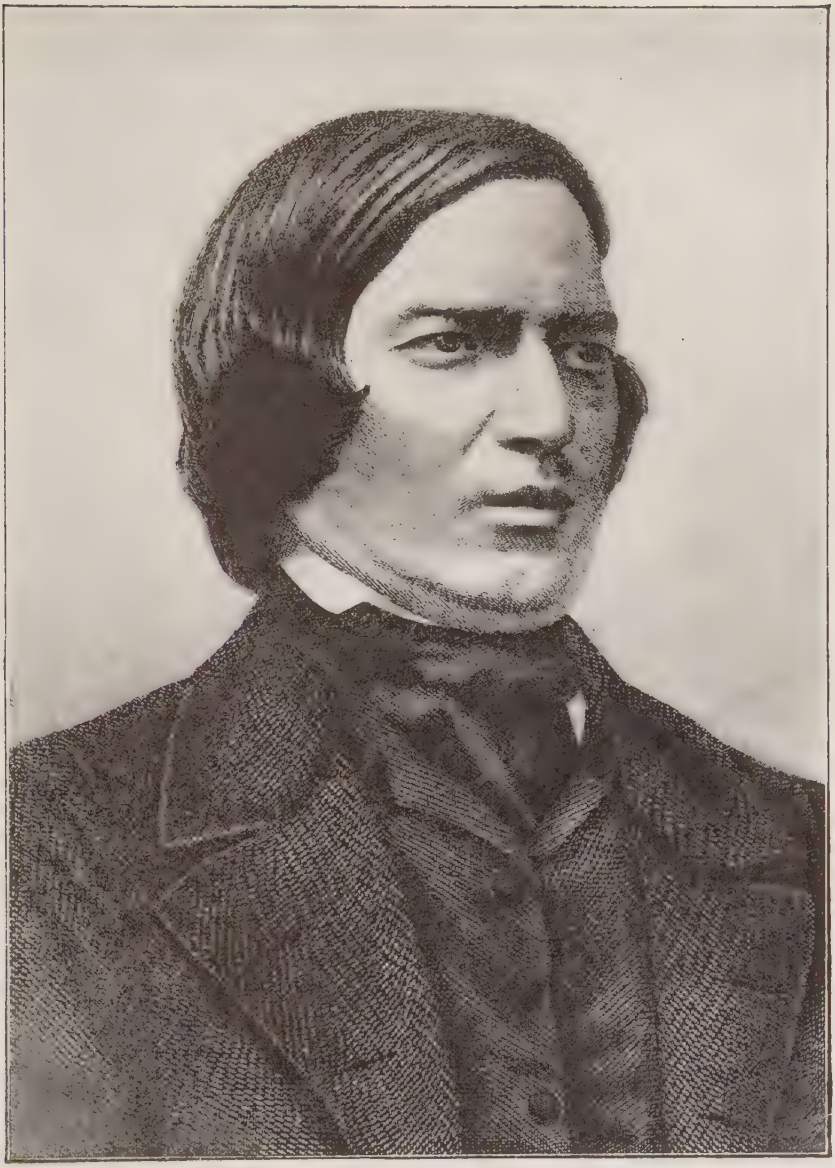
Robert Alexander Schumann was born in the quaint little town of Zwickau in Germany. His father was a book seller, and in his father's shop Robert found many interesting books. He became very fond of poetry.

When he was six years old he took his first piano lesson, and soon afterward he began to compose. He wrote little dances and discovered that he could improvise.

It was a habit of his to sit at the piano and play about people whom he knew, describing their peculiarities in tone-pictures, just as a writer describes people in word-pictures, or as a painter shows them in portraits. For instance, he would play a rollicking tune to represent the character of one of his merry comrades, and a sharp, scolding, fussy little air to picture another playmate who was quarrelsome. The music was always sweet and dignified when Robert was describing some one whom he loved, but at other times he was quite capable of making fun of a pompous person by playing a stiff, stilted, comical tune which would set all his hearers laughing.

Robert's father was kind and sympathetic. He encouraged the boy's talent, and bought him a grand piano. But unfortunately when Robert was sixteen, his father died. We have seen that the mother disapproved of a musical career for her son, and so the boy was sent to the university of Leipsic to study law.

At Leipsic, as at home, Robert soon made friends who were interested in literature, art and music. In spite of



ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810–1856)

his good intentions to become a lawyer he spent most of his time playing the piano. He and his friends had a great admiration for the works of Sebastian Bach, who was then little known. It was not until a year later that Mendelssohn gave public performances of Bach's "Passion Music."

In Leipsic Schumann met Frederic Wieck, a distinguished teacher of the piano. Wieck had a charming and talented daughter named Clara, who played very beautifully although she was but thirteen years old. Robert Schumann was so inspired by this young girl's playing that he resolved to take music lessons of her father. The lessons continued as long as he remained in Leipsic.

The next year he went to Heidelberg, where, as we already know, he spent more time upon music than upon law. He was born to be a musician and we can imagine how happy and relieved he felt when his mother at last consented to let him study music seriously.

As soon as he had gained the long-desired permission, he hurried back to Leipsic and resumed his lessons with Wieck. He was eager to make up for lost time, and it seemed to him that he was not advancing fast enough in his playing. So, in order to get the best results, he tied the third finger of his right hand, thinking that the other fingers would then play more easily. What was his horror, when the time came to release his finger, to find that he

Meunier

THE HARPSICHORD LESSON

could no longer use it! Gradually his whole right hand became paralyzed.

Schumann at first thought that only rest was needed to make his hand well again. He practiced hard with his left hand. But nothing could help his right hand. He had to give up his lessons with Wieck. His hope of being a great pianist was ended.

This seemed a sad misfortune to the ambitious young man, and yet it was for the best, for when he was cut off from piano-playing, he turned all his energies to composition. His accident proved to be a great gain to music.

XXIII

ROBERT AND CLARA SCHUMANN

During these years, while Schumann was struggling to become a musician, Clara Wieck had been growing from a brilliant young girl into a beautiful, noble woman. Schumann fell deeply in love with her. She returned his affection, but her father refused his consent to the marriage, because Robert's future was so uncertain.

For several years Schumann worked hard trying to earn enough money to satisfy Clara's father. He wrote music criticisms and was at one time the editor of a music magazine. His criticisms were excellent. He said that his purpose was to honor the old and welcome the new. He called attention to the works of Schubert, who had

been dead only a few years and who was by this time beginning to be appreciated. He also praised the music of living composers, such as Felix Mendelssohn, and he was one of the first to see the genius of a new musician, a young Pole named Chopin.

One winter Schumann was in charge of a music journal in the beautiful old city of Vienna. He said afterward: "Often, when looking on Vienna from the mountain heights, I thought how many times the restless eye of Beethoven may have scanned that distant Alpine range; how dreamily Mozart may have watched the course of the Danube, which seems to thread its way through every grove and forest, and how often Father Haydn had looked at the spire of St. Stephen and felt unsteady while gazing at such a dizzy height."

Schumann especially admired Franz Schubert. When he was in Vienna, he visited Schubert's brother and helped to get some of the dead composer's music published. He sent one of the symphonies to Mendelssohn at Leipsic, and Mendelssohn gave it its first public performance, eleven years after Schubert's death.

Wieck still obstinately refused to allow his daughter to marry Robert Schumann. So Schumann did an unusual thing; he took the case to the German courts, to get the help of the law to bring about the marriage. The trial lasted a whole year. It was an anxious time for the young musician. At last the court decided that the father's

CLARA SCHUMANN
(1819-1896)

refusal was unreasonable, and Robert and Clara were allowed to marry.

Clara had become a distinguished pianist, and after her marriage she devoted much of her time to bringing her husband's work before the public. Her sympathy was a great help to him and his finest compositions were inspired by her. They traveled together and gave concerts, receiving much admiration everywhere. Schumann composed constantly. He had eight children, for whom his love is shown in the many delightful pieces that he wrote for the young.

Both husband and wife loved their quiet home, but they were also devoted heart and soul to music. Clara was considered Germany's leading pianist, and Robert was one of the chief composers of his day. In their delightful house they entertained many famous musicians and authors.

Schumann had never been very strong and over-work affected his health. In his later years his mind began to give way. He was tormented by the strange idea that it was his duty to finish a beautiful symphony which Franz Schubert had left unfinished at his death. However, Schumann did not succeed in doing this, and Schubert's lovely composition is still called the Unfinished Symphony.

After some years of illness and mental trouble, Schumann died in his wife's arms. He was buried at Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven.

Clara Schumann lived for forty years after her husband's death. She gave piano lessons in the conservatory at Frankfurt, Germany, and she visited England almost every year on concert tours. At first the English did not understand Schumann's work, but his wife gradually succeeded in making it appreciated. She played the piano wonderfully and was herself the composer of some charming music. But her chief interest was always the compositions of her dead husband. She helped to publish his works, and through her efforts they came to be widely known throughout Europe.

All great composers have made important changes in music. They have discovered new ways of writing it, new combinations of sounds, new forms of composition, and this has helped the musicians who have come after them. But few composers have made so many and such decided changes as Robert Schumann made. He succeeded marvelously in expressing his thoughts and feelings in music.

Schumann has an especial interest for us because of his tone-pictures for children. The names of these pieces explain the music and make it easy for young players to understand it. Perhaps the very simplest of his compositions for children is one called *"The Happy Farmer."* If you can play it, or can get some friend to play it for you, you will see at once how well it tells its story. We find ourselves in the sunny, cheerful country, and we hear the voices of the farmer and his wife, first in a pleasant little

duet, and then blending in unison. It makes us realize the sweetness and contentment of the farmer's life.

Another piece by Schumann is called *"The Pleading Child."* The sad, timid voice of the child begs and coaxes, and the piece, instead of ending in the usual way, stops on some tones which sound like a question. We can imagine the little one looking pitifully and longingly at us as she waits for our answer. This piece expresses certain feelings, while others imitate certain sounds and movements.

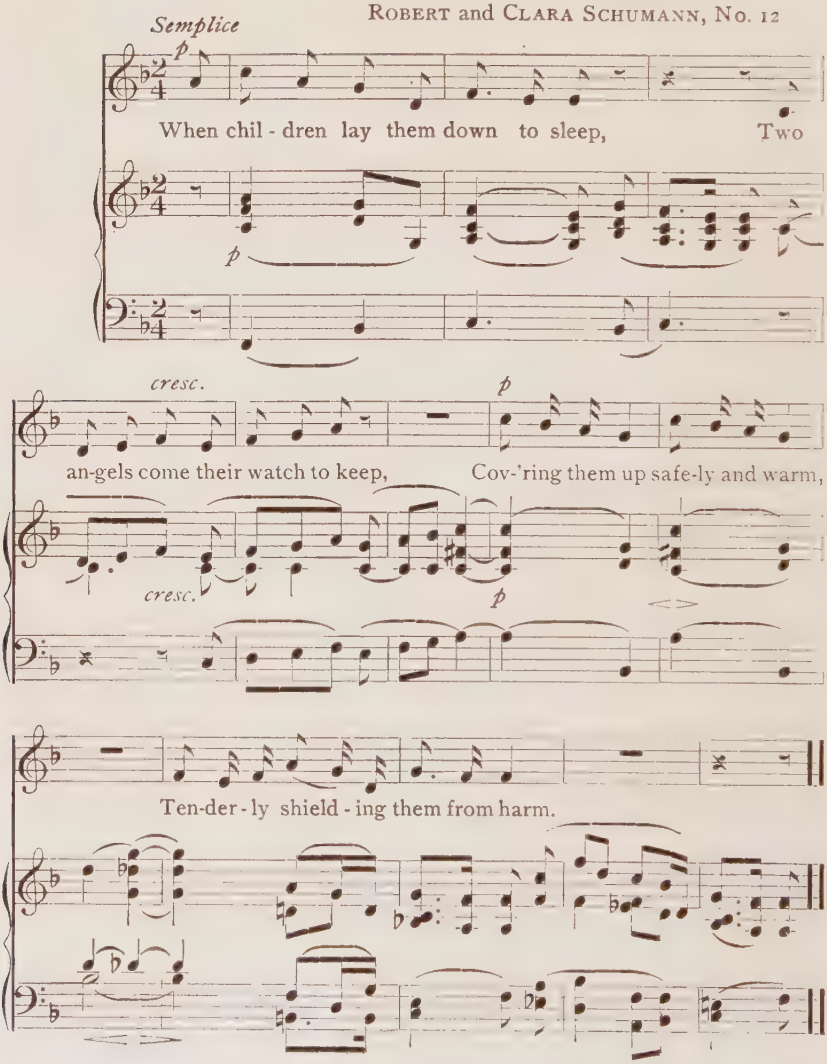
In *"The Rider's Song"* we first hear hoof-beats in the distance; then the rider comes near us and dashes by, and the hoof-beats gradually grow fainter and fainter as he gets farther away. So also we hear galloping hoofs in *"The Hunting Song";* the merry shouts of the hunting party come to our ears, and we feel all the joy and eagerness of the early morning.

Another interesting composition is called *"The Child Falling Asleep."* It is full of little moods, seeming to tell us that the child is sometimes restless, sometimes quiet. It ends with a chord which makes the piece sound unfinished, and we know that the child, in the midst of his fretfulness, has suddenly dropped asleep.

These pretty little pieces for children remind us of the tone-pictures that Schumann used to compose when he was a school-boy. They give us an idea of the wonderful pictures that may be found in his more serious works.

Guardian Angels

"Songs for Children"
ROBERT and CLARA SCHUMANN, No. 12



W. G. Orchardson

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE, VIBRATES IN THE MEMORY

In the picture on page 183 we see a corner of a lofty, handsomely-furnished room. A graceful girl is seated at a piano. She is turning over the leaves of a music book from which she has just been singing, and while she searches for another song her lovely voice "vibrates in the memory" of her listeners.

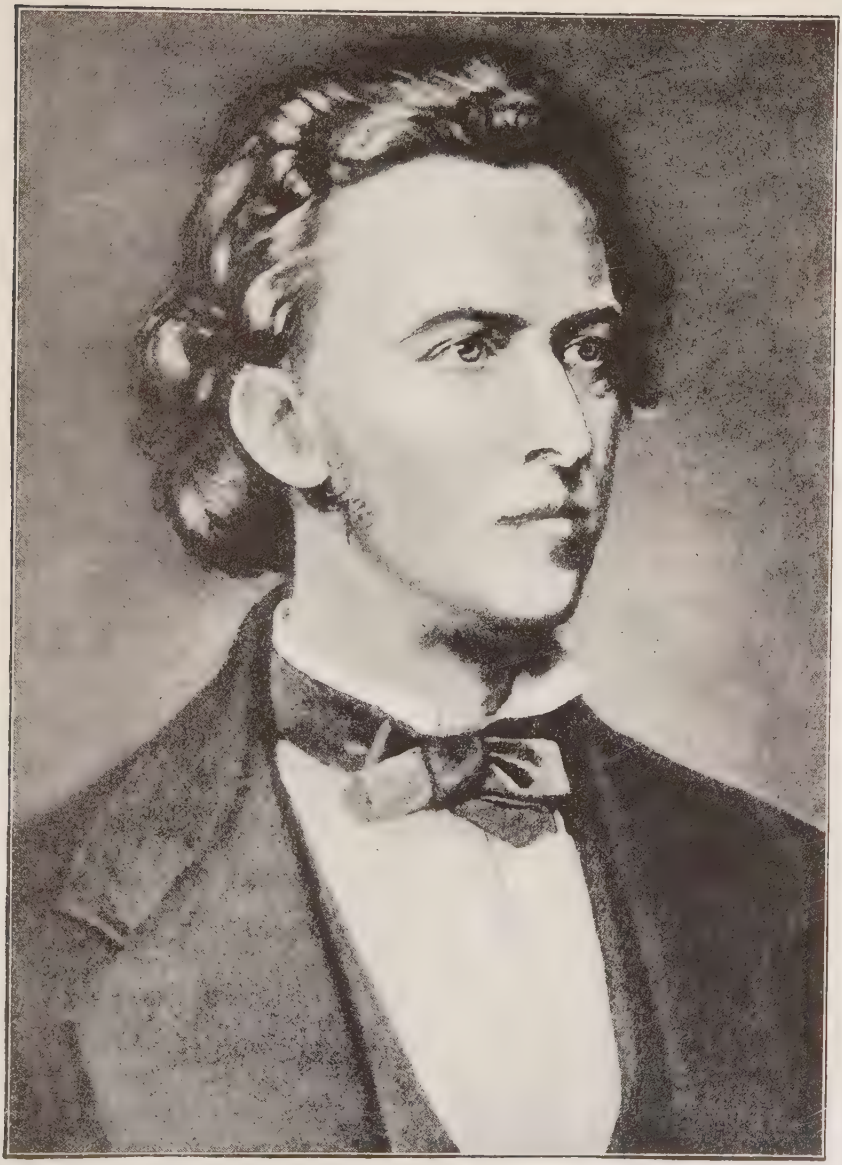
The strange-looking, harp-shaped piano was copied from one which belonged to the artist. The *design* of this picture is especially interesting, as the long, sweeping lines of the girl's skirt repeat and balance the lines of the piano.

W. Q. Orchardson (1835-1910) is a Scotch artist of modern times who has painted many fine pictures. This is one of the simplest and sweetest of his works.

XXIV.
A PATRIOT-MUSICIAN

Robert Schumann first called attention to the work of a new composer, Frederic François Chopin. Chopin was born in Poland, one of the most unhappy countries of Europe, and the sadness of his native land seems to have crept into his music.

For almost a thousand years Poland was an independent kingdom. At one time it was very powerful. Gradually, however, it was weakened by wars and bad kings, and by the quarrels of the great nobles, who fought one another instead of uniting to defend their country. At last three neighboring nations, Russia, Austria, and Prussia



FREDERIC CHOPIN
(1810-1849)

(then an important state of Germany), saw their opportunity to seize Poland. They divided the unfortunate country among themselves. Some of the Polish people became Russian subjects, and others were ruled by Prussia, and some by Austria. The Poles were ordered to give up their own language and to speak the language of their conquerors, German or Russian, as the case might be.

This happened in 1772, three years before the beginning of the American Revolution. During the Revolution a Polish nobleman named Kosciusko came to America. He served through the war as one of General Washington's aides, and was very much liked because of his great ability and his charm of manner. At the end of the Revolution he went back to his native country. When the Poles decided to rebel against Russian rule, they asked him to be their leader.

Kosciusko and his countrymen fought magnificently and did many brave deeds. But their enemies were too powerful. The rebellion was crushed. Kosciusko fell on the battlefield, covered with wounds, and was taken prisoner by the Russians. After some years he was set free. He returned to the United States, where he was greatly honored.

The last years of his life were spent in France and Switzerland, but he was buried in the cathedral at the Polish city of Cracow. The people brought earth from all the battlefields of Poland and built a mound near the

city as high as a church steeple, in memory of their heroic leader.

Napoleon Bonaparte, who became Emperor of France after the French Revolution, promised to free Poland. He conquered Russian Poland and made it independent. The Poles were very grateful and fought bravely for him, but a few years later he was overthrown. Once more Poland lost its independence, and the larger part of the country was given to Russia. The Poles rebelled again and again. Each time they were defeated in bloody battles, and many hundreds of them were sent as exiles to Siberia.

We must know something of the sad story of Poland in order to understand the life and work of Frederic François Chopin. He was born near Warsaw, the ancient capital of Poland. His father was French, but his mother was Polish, and all his love and sympathy went out to his mother's country.

Chopin's father, who was a schoolmaster, soon noticed the boy's remarkable talent for music. Little Frederic was given a good education. His first music teacher was an enthusiastic admirer of Bach, and so Frederic became familiar with the work of "the great father of music." At the age of nine, the boy played in public for the first time, arousing much wonder and admiration.

Polish society was noted for its appreciation of artistic gifts, and Chopin's genius made him welcome among the nobility. Prince Radziwill, who was himself a composer,

became interested in Chopin. He helped the young man in various ways, and Frederic seems to have passed a very pleasant time with the Prince and his family.

At the age of nineteen Chopin left his native town for Vienna. He was by this time a thoroughly trained pianist and was beginning to be known as a composer. His concerts in Vienna were very successful. The next year he made a second visit to Vienna and then settled in Paris for the rest of his life. He never saw his dearly-beloved Poland again.

It was in Paris that Chopin's first published composition appeared. This was the work which Robert Schumann praised so highly. Schumann tells how he glanced through the music without noticing who had written it.

"I carelessly turned over the leaves," he says. "There is something fascinating in the enjoyment of music without sound. I think, too, that every composer has his own manner of writing notes; Beethoven's look different from Mozart's. But now it seemed to me as if quite strange eyes—flowers' eyes, serpents' eyes, peacocks' eyes—were gazing at me."

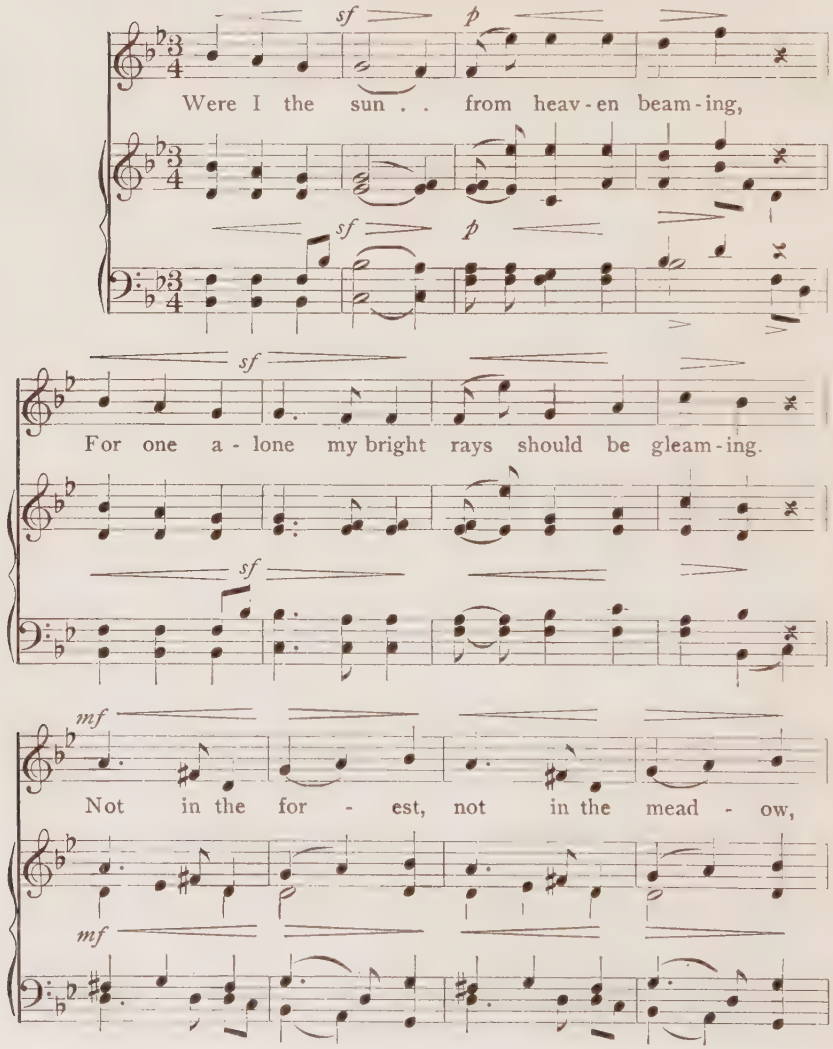
After hearing the music performed, Schumann thought it so excellent that it might have been the work of Beethoven or of Franz Schubert, if these composers had written especially for the piano. And he exclaimed: "Chopin—I have never heard the name. Who can he be? An unmistakable genius!"

CHOPIN AT PRINCE RADZIWILL'S

H. Siemiradski

The Maiden's Wish

FREDERIC-FRANÇOIS CHOPIN, 1810–1849


sf
p
Were I the sun . . from heav - en beam - ing,
sf
p
sf
For one a - lone my bright rays should be gleam - ing.
sf
mf
Not in the for - est, not in the mead - ow,
mf

No, in your o - pen win - - - dow:
f
There in my gold - en warmth you'd be dream-ing,
f
Were I the sun . . from heav - en beam - ing.

Chopin was very much liked in Paris and was eagerly welcomed by the distinguished men and women of his day. Our picture of him at Prince Radziwill's house shows him as he must often have appeared,—seated at the piano in a richly-furnished room and surrounded by aristocratic and cultivated people. His friend, Prince Radziwill, is sitting beside the piano. The artist who painted this picture was a countryman of Chopin's.

As we look at the delicate, refined young musician and at the grave, thoughtful faces of his listeners, we can almost hear the music that he is playing. Although Chopin composed some songs and orchestral works, he wrote principally for the piano. His music was graceful and melodious, and even in its gayest moods it was tinged with sadness. Sometimes he used the strange rhythms of the Polish dances. His patriotic love of Poland and of everything connected with it always found expression in his work.

Chopin became acquainted with Mendelssohn in Paris, and afterward met him again in Leipsic, where he also met Schumann and Wieck and Wieck's daughter, who five years later became Clara Schumann. In England Chopin was enthusiastically received. During the last ten years of his life his health was poor and,—like Mozart, Weber, Schubert, and Mendelssohn,—he died before he reached the age of forty.

During Chopin's short lifetime Poland made two more

attempts to free itself, but both were unsuccessful. The Russian government did all that it could to turn the Poles into Russians by trying to change their language and customs. Chopin felt the sorrows of his country deeply. He was always willing to give concerts for the benefit of Polish refugees, and in spite of his years of absence in foreign countries he corresponded constantly with his Polish friends.

On his departure from Poland, at the age of twenty, his friends had given him a silver cup filled with Polish soil. He kept it all his life, and when he was buried in Paris this earth from far-away Poland was sprinkled upon his grave.

XXV.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN

One of the most famous rivers of Europe is the Rhine. It rises in the Alps of Switzerland, but for nearly all of its length it flows through Germany. The trade of the Rhine is very important, and its picturesque scenery makes it especially dear to the German people. Sometimes it glides among beautiful, vine-clad hills, and sometimes between steep, towering rocks crowned by the ruins of ancient castles. Many old stories are connected with this great river, and it is often mentioned in German history and literature.

The Watch on the Rhine

Words by MAX SCHNECKENBURGER Music by CARL WILHELM

There comes a call like thun - der's peal, The
break - er's roar, the clank of steel: The Rhine! the Rhine! the glo- rious
Rhine! Who will pro - tect the riv - er's line?

CHORUS
Dear Fa - ther-land, be com - fort thine, Dear Fa - ther - land, thou
need'st not pine; Firm stands thy shield, the Guard, the Guard on the Rhine;
Firm stands thy shield, the Guard, the Guard on the Rhine.

In the year 1840 there were rumors that the French were about to attack the German provinces along the Rhine. A German manufacturer, who was fond of making verses, wrote a poem called "Die Wacht am Rhein," which means "the watch (or guard) on the Rhine." In it he tells the dearly-loved Fatherland to be calm, for the guard on the Rhine will always stand firm and true.

Fourteen years later a musician named Carl Wilhelm saw the verses and set them to music. The hymn was sung at a concert in Crefeld, the town where Wilhelm lived. It soon became known all over Germany. When Germany and France went to war in 1870, "Die Wacht am Rhein" was sung by the German soldiers on the march and by the German people at home. Ever since then it has been the German national hymn and the favorite marching song of the German troops.

"Die Wacht am Rhein," like the "Marsellaise," depends on both the music and the words for its success. It is not so remarkable a song as the "Marseillaise," but it has a fine, ringing chorus. Whenever it is sung it reminds the Germans of the noble, historic river that flows through their Fatherland.

Schubert wrote for silence; half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till summer came,
That warmed the grass above him, even so!
His music lives *now* with a mighty youth.

—*George Eliot.*

XXVI.

THE PRINCE OF PIANISTS

Among Chopin's friends in Paris was a Hungarian musician named Franz Liszt, who afterward wrote a life of Chopin.

Like most great musicians, Liszt showed decided musical gifts in his childhood. When he was six years old his father began to give him piano lessons. The boy made remarkable progress and he gave his first concert at the age of nine. Several Hungarian nobles who were present at the concert were greatly impressed with little Franz's playing. They agreed to furnish money to pay for his music study in Vienna and Paris for six years. So Franz went with his father to Vienna and took lessons from an excellent teacher there.

When Franz was eleven years old, he gave two successful concerts in Vienna. Beethoven came to the second concert and was so pleased with the boy's playing that he kissed the handsome little musician. After this Franz gave concerts in Paris, Switzerland and England. He also wrote an opera, which was performed in Paris.

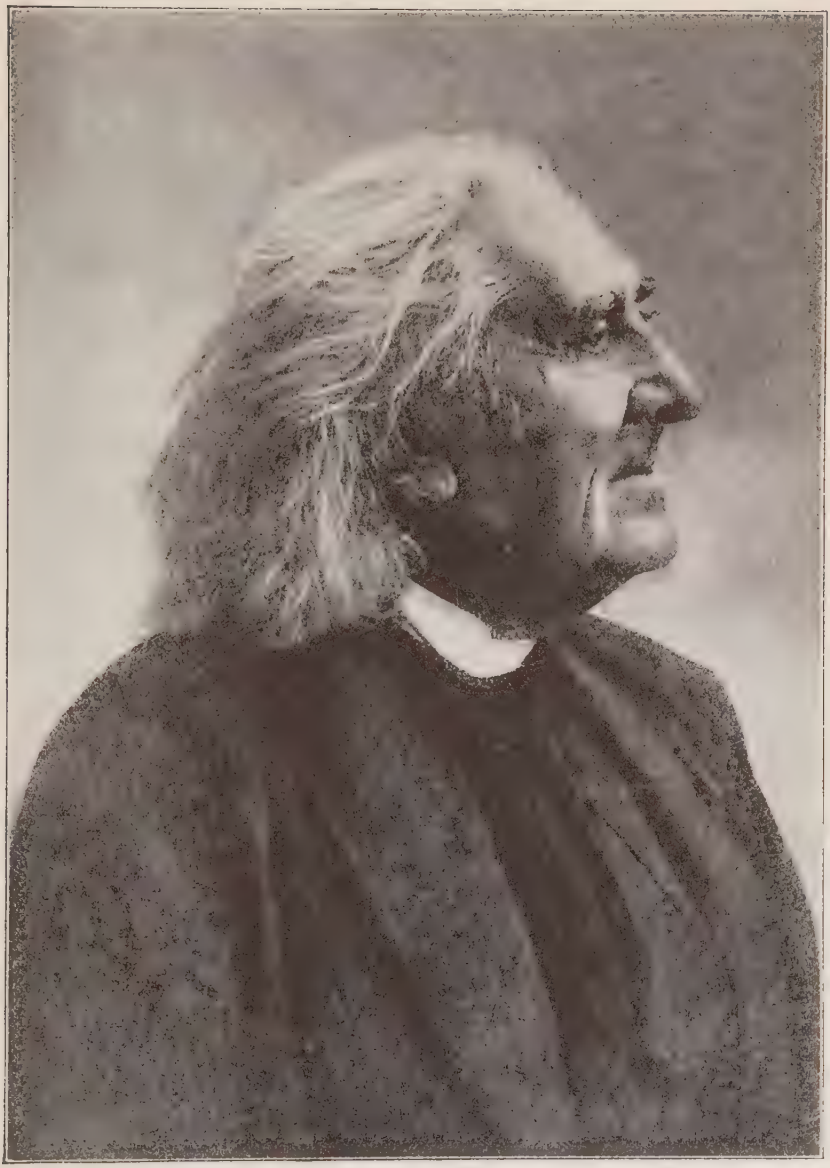
When he was sixteen his father died and his mother came to Paris to live. He supported her by giving music lessons, and soon had more pupils than he could teach. He read a great deal and met many celebrated people.

The year that Liszt was twenty, a famous Italian violinist came to Paris and startled everyone with his wonderful playing. Liszt tried to find a way of getting the same effects upon the piano that the Italian had got upon the violin. He practiced as no pianist had ever practiced before. In the end he succeeded in playing music that everyone had supposed could not be performed upon the piano.

Soon after this he met Chopin. The two young men became intimate friends, and Liszt gained many new ideas about music from Chopin's beautiful playing.

For several years Liszt traveled over the length and breadth of Europe giving concerts which were greeted with frantic applause. Never before had any musician won such success. Besides being a remarkable pianist he was also a witty, charming, interesting man. His greatest triumphs were in Vienna and Budapesth, the capital of Hungary. The Austrian Emperor raised him in rank to the nobility, and the great nobles of Hungary gave him a sword of honor in the name of the nation.

Liszt had now become immensely rich. He was the most generous of men and gave large sums of money to charity. It has been said that if it were possible for Liszt's music to be forgotten, his name would still be gratefully remembered because of his numberless deeds of kindness. He always worshiped Beethoven, and the monument to the mighty master at Bonn was completed



FRANZ LISZT
(1811-1886)

by Liszt's aid. Liszt also conducted a musical festival at Bonn in Beethoven's honor.

Liszt was still a young man and at the very height of his fame when he suddenly decided to give up playing in public and to turn to composition. He retired to the German city of Weimar, where he became conductor at the court concerts, gave lessons, wrote important articles on music, and produced many compositions. During these years he gave much help and encouragement to Richard Wagner, and he also taught struggling young musicians without accepting payment.

In his later years Liszt entered the church, becoming an abbé. He was renowned for his generosity and unselfishness. He spent a part of every year at Weimar in a beautiful house especially furnished for him by the Duke of Weimar. Pupils and admirers thronged around him, and he was treated as respectfully as if he had been a royal personage.

Liszt did not become one of the very greatest composers, but he had an important influence upon the musicians who followed him. By bringing the work of Richard Wagner before the public he did a noteworthy service to music. As a pianist he had no rival. He studied all the difficulties of piano playing and found ways of overcoming them. He is considered the most remarkable pianist in the history of music, and is called with good reason "the prince of pianists."

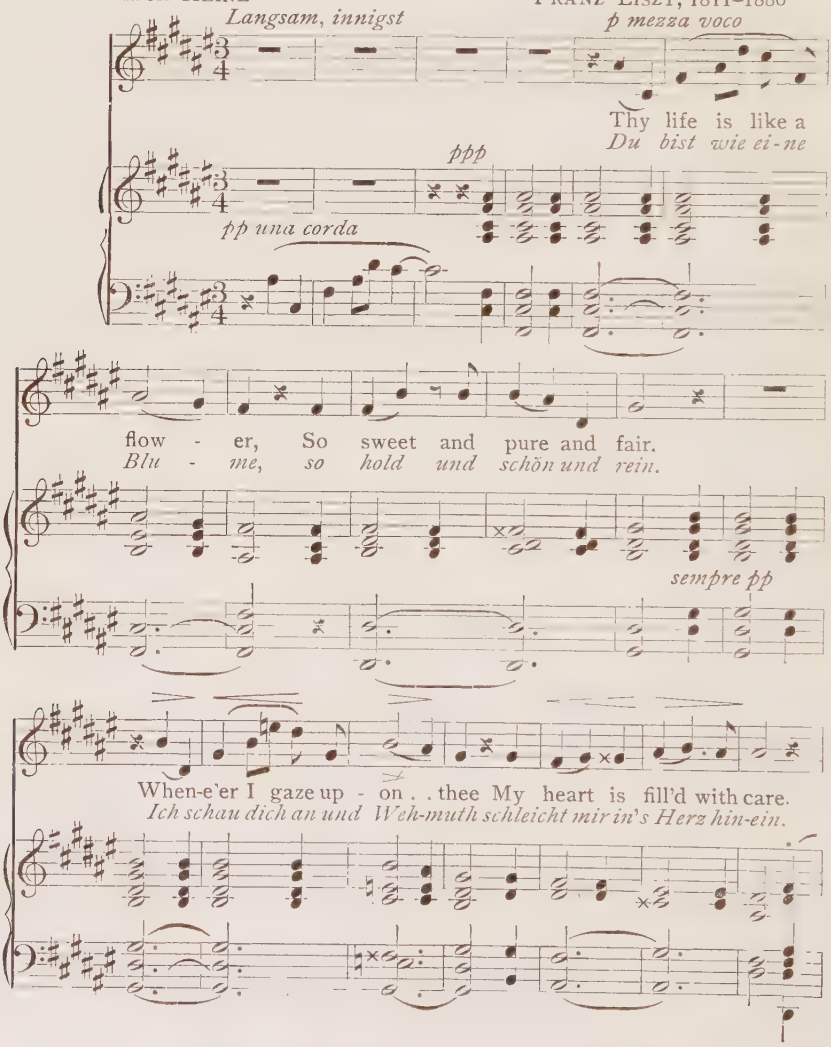
A MORNING WITH LISZT *J. Krichuber*

Our picture, "A Morning with Liszt," shows the great pianist in his youth. He is playing one of Beethoven's sonatas to a group of friends. Behind the piano stands Liszt's old teacher, and beside him is Berlioz, another celebrated musician. The man with the violin is a famous violinist named Ernst. Liszt once said of him: "He has a noble, sweet and delicate nature." Joseph Kriehuber, who drew this picture, was a talented Viennese artist. He has introduced a portrait of himself, seated at the left of the picture, with a pencil and sketch book in his hand.

Thou Art Like a Flower

"Du bist wie eine Blume"

HEINRICH HEINE — FRANZ LISZT, 1811–1886


Langsam, innigst
p mezza voco
Thy life is like a
Du bist wie ei-ne
ppp
pp una corda
flow - er, So sweet and pure and fair.
Blu - me, so hold und schön und rein.
sempre pp
When-e'er I gaze up - on . . thee My heart is fill'd with care.
Ich schau dich an und Weh-muth schleicht mir in's Herz hin-ein.

sotto voce
My
Mir
Ped.
hands I fain would o'er thee raise, And
ist als ob ich die Hän - - de auf's
Ped.
cres.
breathe a fer - vent pray'r,
Haupt dir le - gen sollt,

poco rit.
Pray - ing One may keep thee
be - tend, dass dich Gott er - - -
pp
rit.
un poco marcato
smorz.
ev - er as sweet and pure . . . . and
hal - te so rein und schön . . . . und
ppp
fair.
hold.
pp
ppp

MY FIDDLE*

My fiddle?—Well, I kindo' keep her handy, don't you know!
Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,
And my fingers was more limber-like and caperish and spry;
Yit I can plonk and plunk and plink
And tune her up and play,
And jest lean back and laugh and wink
At ev'ry rainy day!

I was allus a romancin', do-less boy, to tell the truth,
A-fiddlin' and a-dancin', and a-wastin' of my youth,
And a-actin' and a-cuttin'-up all sorts of silly pranks
That wasn't worth a button of anybody's thanks!
But they tell me, when I ust to plink
And plonk and plunk and play,
My music seemed to have the kink
O' drivin' cares away!

That's how this here old fiddle's won my heart's indurin' love!

**From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*
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From the strings acrost her middle, to the screechin' keys above—
From her "apern," over "bridge," and to the ribbon round her throat,
She's a wooin', cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love me" ev'ry note!

And so I pat her neck and plink
Her strings with lovin' hands,—
And, list'nin' clos't, I sometimes think
She kindo' understands!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

XXVII.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE

A greater contrast could hardly be imagined than that between Richard Wagner and Franz Liszt at their first meeting. Liszt had grown up in Parisian society, where everyone loved and admired him. Wagner was a poor German musician who had come to Paris in the hope of getting an opera performed there. The opera was refused and Wagner met with nothing but failure and disappointment. He and his wife were almost starving.

It was at this time that Wagner called upon Liszt. Wagner had no chance to explain his ideas to Liszt, and naturally the great pianist had many friends and many engagements to occupy his mind. He was polite to Wagner, but he took no special interest in him. Wagner's

feelings were so hurt by this cool reception that he did not call upon Liszt again.

At last Wagner succeeded in getting his opera performed at Dresden. By this time Liszt had heard that Wagner disliked him. Franz Liszt was a very kind, tender-hearted man. He could not bear the thought of having made anyone unhappy. He tried hard to change Wagner's feeling toward him. After hearing Wagner's opera, he was enthusiastic about his new friend, and in all the different corners of the world where he went to give concerts, he praised Wagner's music.

Richard Wagner's early life was very hard. He was born at Leipsic, Germany. His father died when he was a baby. His mother married again, and the stepfather, an actor and painter, took the family to Dresden, where Richard went to school. He was a bright child and wrote plays when he was only twelve years old. At the age of fifteen he heard some of Beethoven's music played, and he determined to become a musician. When a small boy he had often seen Carl Maria von Weber, whom he admired greatly, and like Weber he became especially interested in opera.

Until Wagner's time the important thing in an opera had always been the music, while the play was usually poor and sometimes very silly. Wagner thought that the play should be the chief thing and that the music should be suited to it. This was a new idea and so Wagner's

music was called "the music of the future." He wrote his own plays, choosing beautiful old German stories for the subjects.

At first the public did not like Wagner's operas at all. But Liszt saw their value and began to write articles about them. Wagner, who was conductor of the Opera at Dresden, became involved in a rebellion against the government. A warrant was issued for his arrest. He fled to Weimar where Liszt was living, and Liszt helped him to get out of Germany.

For ten years Wagner lived quietly in Switzerland. He was banished from Germany and could not return to hear his new opera, "Lohengrin," produced at Weimar. He knew, however, that Liszt could be trusted to produce it well. "Lohengrin" became very popular and Wagner said sadly that he would soon be the only German who had not heard it.

When Liszt's efforts had made "Lohengrin" successful, he said to Wagner: "See, we have come so far; now create a new work for us so that we may go still further." It is not strange that Wagner called Liszt "this wonderful friend."

Another of Wagner's operas was produced in Paris with great care and expense, but Wagner's political enemies interrupted the performance by howling and hooting and whistling, so that it was impossible for anyone to enjoy the music. Wagner was broken-hearted. Soon after this

RICHARD WAGNER
(1813-1883)

he was permitted to return to Germany. He was still poor, and his prospects looked dark.

Suddenly help came from an unexpected quarter. Ludwig II, the young King of the German state of Bavaria, was very fond of music and art. He became enthusiastic over Wagner's splendid ideas for a new form of opera. As soon as Ludwig ascended the throne, at the age of eighteen, he invited Wagner to come to Munich, which is the capital of Bavaria. He not only gave the composer a comfortable house in the outskirts of the city, but paid all his debts and granted him a yearly income.

For a year and a half the King and the musician were constantly together. Ludwig planned to build a great theater at Munich in which Wagner's magnificent operas could be properly performed. When the people of Munich opposed this project, the King decided that Bayreuth, a small Bavarian town, would be a good place for the theater.

It seemed as if Wagner was at last on the road to success. But his influence over the King made the Bavarians jealous. They were suspicious of Wagner because he was not a Bavarian; they complained of his extravagance, and in the end they forced the King to give him up. Wagner withdrew to Switzerland, but the King did not forget him. They saw each other occasionally, and when Wagner's theater at Bayreuth was finished, the King attended the first performance.

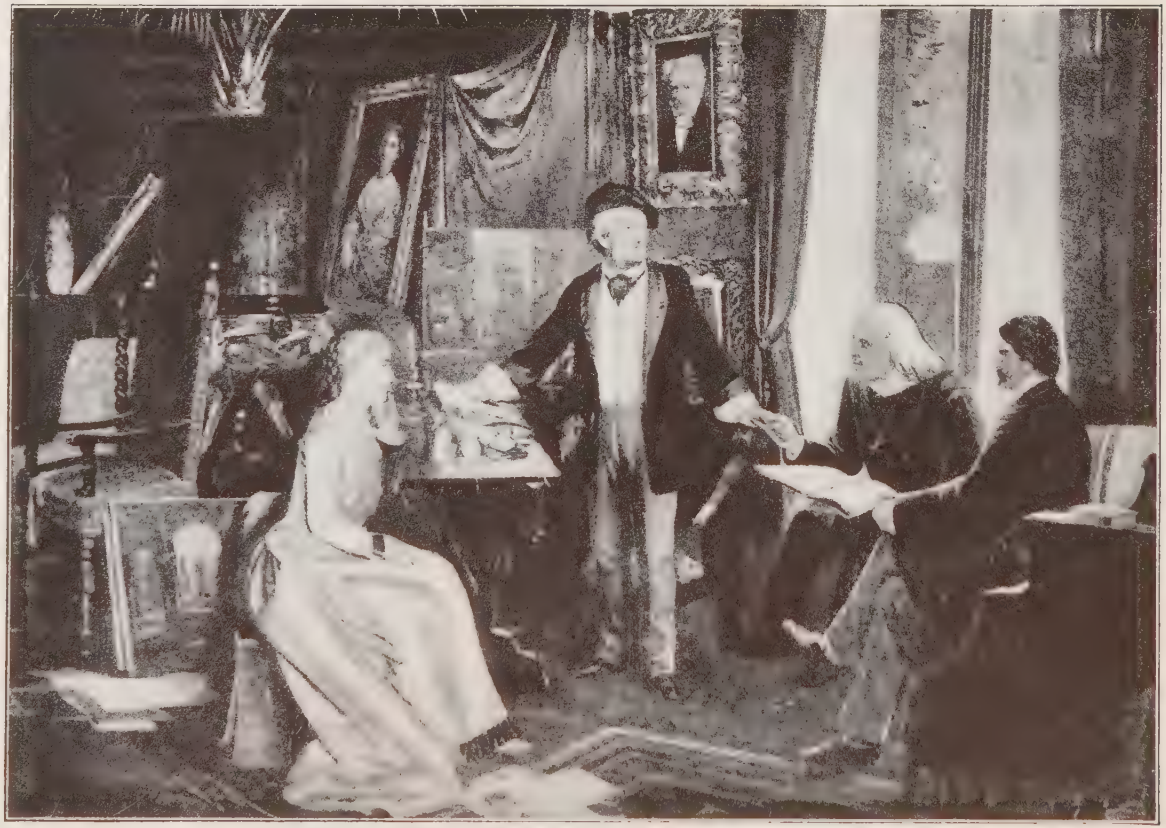
King Ludwig's fate was a sad one. He was a handsome, kindly, lovable young man of artistic tastes, but his mind gradually weakened. He avoided everyone and spent his life in lonely castles. After a while he could only enjoy the theater when he was alone, and so he had private performances in his castles, at a tremendous cost. At last he became hopelessly insane and drowned himself.

Wagner meanwhile had settled at Bayreuth, where he had a pleasant home. Four years after the death of his first wife he married Liszt's daughter, Cosima, and they were very happy together. In our picture of "Wagner at Home," we see Wagner and his wife in their house at Bayreuth. Wagner is discussing some musical question with Liszt, who is seated at the window.

Wagner's later operas were performed in the theater which he had planned on purpose for them. Even now, years after Wagner's death, thousands of people from all over the world flock to Bayreuth to hear his works given in the very best manner. And so "the music of the future" has become the music of today.

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

—*Holmes.*

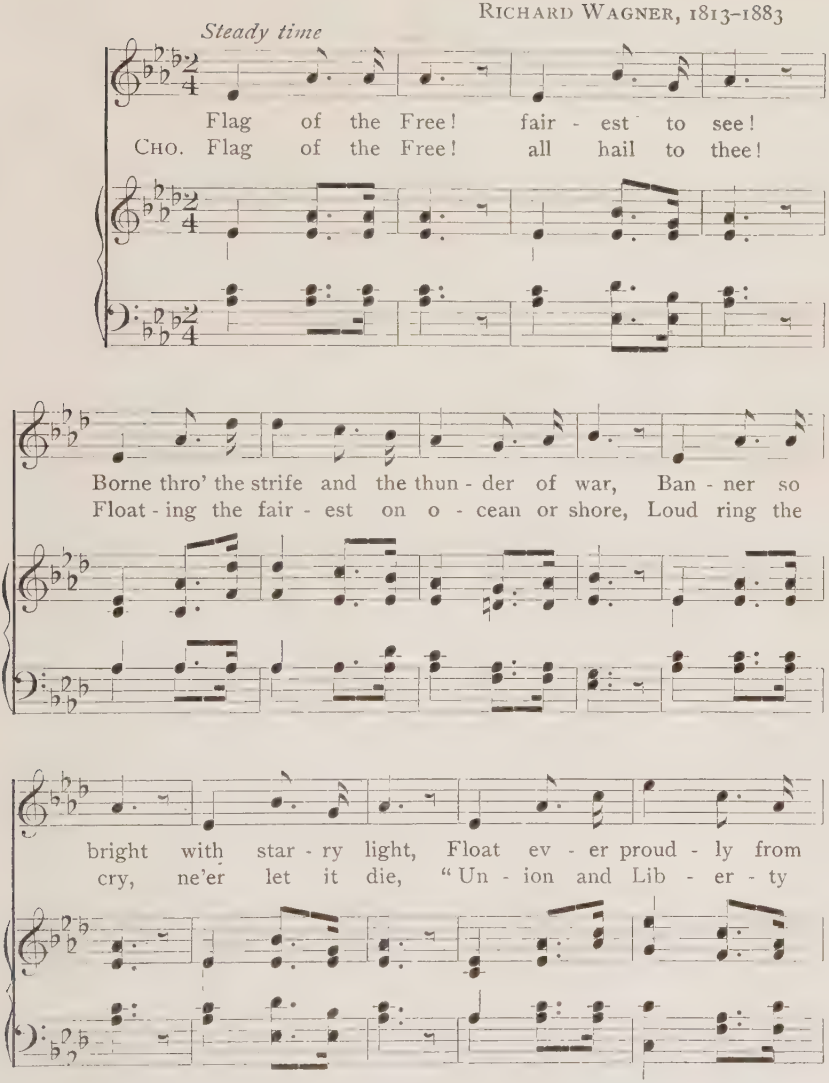


H. Beckmann

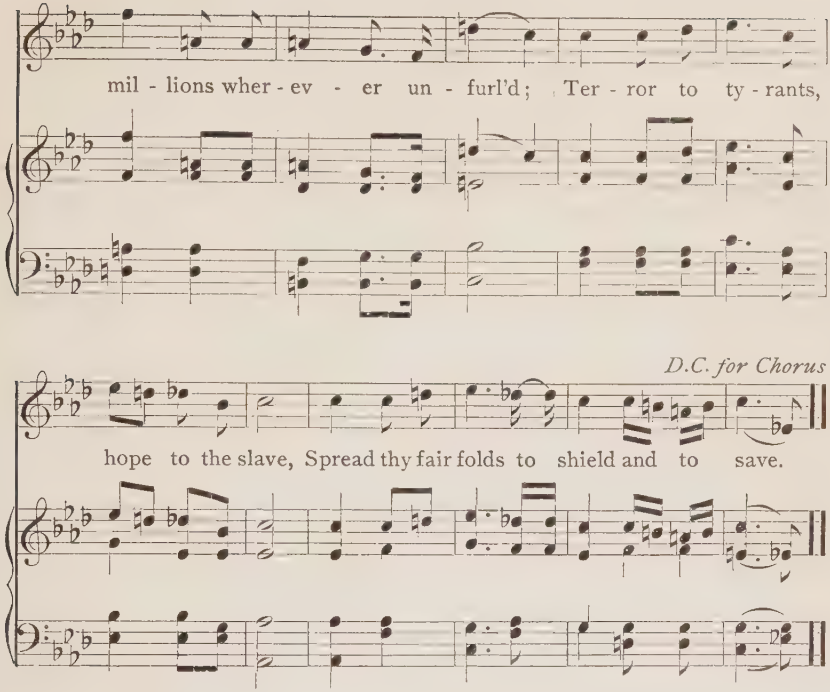
WAGNER AT HOME

Flag of the Free

RICHARD WAGNER, 1813–1883


Steady time
Flag of the Free! fair - est to see!
CHO. Flag of the Free! all hail to thee!
Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war, Ban - ner so
Float - ing the fair - est on o - cean or shore, Loud ring the
bright with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud - ly from
cry, ne'er let it die, "Un - ion and Lib - er - ty

1
2
FINE
moun - tain and shore.
[*Final Ending*]
Sa - ges of
[*Omit* . . . . .]
now, ev - er - more!"
FINE
old thy com-ing fore-saw, Em-pire of jus - tice, em - pire of law;
Flag of our fa - thers! round all the world, Blest of the


mil - lions wher - ev - er un - furl'd; Ter - ror to ty - rants,
D.C. for Chorus
hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds to shield and to save.

Amati (ä-mä′-tē)
Apollo (ä-pŏl′-lō)
Bach (bäk)
Bayreuth (bī′-roit)
Beethoven (bā′-tō-ven)
Berlioz (bĕr′-lĭ-ōz′)
Cecilia (sē-sĭl′-ĭ-ä)
Chopin (shō′păN′)
Delft (dĕlft)
Dietrich (dē′-trĭk)
Eisenach (ī′-sen-äk)
Esterhazy (ĕs′-tēr-hä′-zē)
Eutin (oi′-tĭn)
Eyck (īk)
Francois (frŏN′-swä′)
Frankh (fräṉk)
Ghent (gĕnt)
Giorgione (jŏr-jō-′nâ)
Guarnerius (gwä-nā′-rē-ŭs)
Guise (gēz)
Halle (häl′-le)
Hals (hälz)
Handel (hăn′-dĕl)
Haydn (hīdn)
Heidelberg (hī′-d'l-bĕrg)
Jan (yän)
Jean (zhŏN)
Kosciusko (kŏs′-sĭ-ŭs′-kō)
Kriehuber (krē′-ōō-bēr)
Lafayette (lä′-fâ′-ĕt′)
LeBrun (le-brŭN′)
Leipsic (līp′-sĭk)
Lisle (lēl)
Liszt (lĭst)
Lohengrin (lō′-ĕn-grĭn)
Ludwig (lo͝od′-vĭg)
Lully (lŭl′-ĭ)
Marseillaise (mär′-sāl-yāz′)
Marseilles (mär-sālz′)
Mendelssohn (mĕn′-del-sŏn)
Minnesinger (mĭn′-nĕ-sĭng′-ēr)
Mozart (mōt′-särt)
Munich (mū′-nĭk)
Philomel (fĭl′-ō-mĕl)
Phoebus (fē′-bŭs)
Pils (pēs)
Poetzelberger (pēt′-zel-bĕr′-gēr)
Radziwill (räd′-zĭ-vĭl)
Reutter (roi′-tēr)
Rouget (ro͝ozh′-ā′)
Salzburg (sälts′-bo͝org)
Schubert (sho͝o′-bērt)
Schumann (sho͝o′-män)
Stradivarius (strä-dē-vä′-rē-ŭs)
Strassburg (sträs′-bo͝org)
Veit (vīt or fīt)
Vermeer (fâr-mâr)
Vogler (fōg′-lēr)
Wagner (väg′-nēr)
Wartburg (värt′-bo͝org)
Weber (vā′-bēr)
Wieck (vēk)
Wilhelm (vĭl′-hĕlm)
Wurtemberg (vu͝r′-tem-bĕrg′)
Zelter (tsĕl′-tēr)
Zwickau (tsvĭk′-ou)

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